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THE WORKS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

WITH PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-EIGHTH.

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BR. MUS.

THE

FIFTY-EIGHTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

COLLINS AND DYER.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or the Shepherd's Moral. Scene, a Valley near Bagdat. Time, the Morning.

YE Perſian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days.
Not all are bleſt, whom fortune's hand ſuſtains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell!
'Tis virtue make the bliſs, wheree'er we dwell.
Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred truth inſpir'd;
Nor praiſe, but ſuch as truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
Informing morals to the ſhepherd maid;
Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
What groves nor ſtreams beſtow, a virtuous mind.
When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride
The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their ſweets away:
By Tigris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young.

Ye Perſian dames, he ſaid, to you belong,
Well may they pleaſe, the morals of my ſong:
No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves ſupplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you thoſe flowers her fragrant hands beſtow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
The beſt kind bleſſings heaven can grant the fair!
Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boaſt but the worth Baſſora's pearls diſplay;
Drawn from the deep we own their ſurface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light:
Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.
Self-flattering ſex! your hearts believe in vain
That love ſhall blind, when once he fires the ſwain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As ſpots on ermin beautify the ſkin:
Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care
Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender paſſion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!
Bleſt were the days, when wiſdom held her reign,
And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
With Truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bleſs'd their love.
O haſte, fair maids! ye Virtues come away,
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!

The

The balmy ſhrub for you ſhall love our ſhore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.
Loſt to our fields, for ſo the Fates ordain,
The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear,
To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty appear:
Here make thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
And ſhepherd-girls ſhall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe ſuſpicious maid;
But man the moſt—not more the mountain doe
Holds the ſwift faulcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breaſt, like flowers that drink the dew,
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known,
But Faith, whoſe heart is fix'd on one alone:
Deſponding Meekneſs with her downcaſt eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender ſighs;
And Love the laſt: by theſe your hearts approve,
Theſe are the virtues that muſt lead to love.
Thus ſung the ſwain; and ancient legends ſay,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The ſhepherds lov'd, and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

ECLOGUE II.

Haſſan; or the Camel-driver. Scene, the Deſert. Time, Mid-day.

IN ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt:
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore:
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, with pain, their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall Thirſt aſſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?
Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,

In

In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!---
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,

By hunger rouz'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O, hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be moſt undone!
Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe drops her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
" Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
" Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
" Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe
" Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
" Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
" No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
O, let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He

He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana. Scene, a Foreſt. Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are ſeen,
In diſtant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade,
What time 'tis ſweet o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
Or ſcent the breathing maize at ſetting day;
Amidſt the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra ſung the pleaſing cares of love.
Of Abra firſt began the tender ſtrain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn ſhe came thoſe willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours ſhe told,
Till late at ſilent eve ſhe penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the ſecret ſhade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers ſhe made:
* Gay-motley'd pinks and ſweet jonquils ſhe choſe,
The violet blue that on the moſs-bank grows;

* That theſe flowers are found in very great abundance in ſome of the provinces of Perſia, ſee the modern hiſtory of Mr. Salmon.

All-

All-ſweet to ſenſe, the flaunting roſe was there:
The finiſh'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to ſtray,
By love conducted from the chace away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her ſong,
And ſought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet ſtill her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other ſcenes remove,
To richer ſcenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the ſimple pipe, and ſhepherd's ſtrain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Yet midſt the blaze of courts ſhe fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the ſhady grove:
Still with the ſhepherd's innocence her mind
To the ſweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as ſpring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his ſoft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With ſure return ſhe ſought the ſylvan ſcene,
The breezy mountains, and the foreſts green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:

Some

Some ſimple lay, of flocks and herds they ſung;
With joy the mountain and the foreſt rung.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of ſtate, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the ſhades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or ſought the vale where firſt his heart was fir'd:
A ruſſet mantle, like a ſwain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and buſy courts no more.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Bleſt was the life, that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The ſimple ſhepherd-girl can love as well.
Let thoſe who rule on Perſia's jewel'd throne,
Be fam'd for love, and gentleſt love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her ſay;
O haſte, profuſe of bleſſings, haſte away!
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives. Scene, a Mountain in Circaſſia. Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind;
At that ſtill hour, when aweful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And paſt in radiance through the cloudleſs ſky;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:
Faſt as they preſt their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and vallies ſtole away.
Along the mountain's bending ſides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O ſtay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and ſurvey,
Trace our ſad flight through all its length of way!
And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we try'd!
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapleſs muſt thou know
The toils of flight, or ſome ſeverer woe!

Still

Still as I haſte, the Tartar ſhouts behind,
And ſhrieks and ſorrows load the ſaddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blaſts our harveſts, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence firſt in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the ſwains, like us, in deep deſpair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whoſe bleſſings tempt the ſword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'ſt thy Perſian lord!
In vain thou court'ſt him, helpleſs, to thine aid,
To ſhield the ſhepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtleſs indolence reſign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleaſure ſoothe his mind,
'Midſt fair ſultanas loſt in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet theſe green hills, in ſummer's ſultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair ſcenes! but, ah! no more with peace poſſeſt,
With eaſe alluring, and with plenty bleſt.
No more the ſhepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;

No

No more the date, with ſnowy bloſſoms crown'd!
But ruin ſpreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief muſt ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian ſwains, that piteous learn from far
Circaſſia's ruin, and the waſte of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and ſtaffs prepare,
To ſhield your harveſts, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like deſigns purſue,
Fix'd to deſtroy, and ſtedfaſt to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deſerts bred,
By luſt incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and waſting flames the way;
Yet none ſo cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurſt in ſcenes of woe.
He ſaid; when loud along the vale was heard
A ſhriller ſhriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted ſhepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

ODES,

DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

ODE TO PITY.

O Thou, the friend of man aſſign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When firſt Diſtreſs, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waſte his deſtin'd ſcene,
His wild unſated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Iliſſus' diſtant ſide,
Deſerted ſtream, and mute?
Wild * Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute.

* A river in Suſſex.

There

There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was ſhewn;
And while he ſung the female heart,
With youth's ſoft notes unſpoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride deſign:
Its ſouthern ſite, its truth complete
Shall raiſe a wild enthuſiaſt heat,
In all who view the ſhrine.

There Picture's toil ſhall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliſs prevail:
The buſkin'd Muſe ſhall near her ſtand,
And ſighing prompt her tender hand,
With each diſaſtrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of paſſion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waſte the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a Britiſh ſhell!

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes is ſhewn;
Who ſeeſt appall'd th' unreal ſcene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near.
I know thy hurried ſtep, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly,
For, lo, what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep:
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghaſtly train can ſee,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earlieſt Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muſe addreſt her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her aweful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard * who firſt invok'd thy name,
Diſdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's ſteel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary ſteps to trace,
Where thou and furies ſhar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' inceſtuous Queen †
Sigh'd the ſad call her ſon and huſband heard,
When once alone it broke the ſilent ſcene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inſpir'd each mournful line,
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the ſcene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who ſuch weary lengths haſt paſt,
Where wilt thou reſt, mad nymph, at laſt?
Say, wilt thou ſhroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?

* Æſchylus. † Jocaſta.

Or

Or in ſome hollow'd ſeat,
'Gainſt which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning ſeamen's cries in tempeſts brought!
Dark power, with ſhuddering meek ſubmitted thought,
Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghoſts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſt
The ſacred ſeat of Shakeſpeare's breaſt!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O Thou, by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and ſweetly ſtrong:
Who firſt on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliеſt child,
Thy babe, and Pleaſure's, nurs'd the powers of ſong!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Diſdain'ſt the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'ſt a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaſte, unboaſtful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings ſlow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephiſus deep,
Who ſpread his wavy ſweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whoſe enamel'd ſide,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O ſiſter meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy ſober aid and native charms infuſe!
The flowers that ſweeteſt breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreathe,
Still aſk thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none eſteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;

But

But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceleſs numbers mean:
For thou haſt left her ſhrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bleſs the ſervile ſcene.

Though taſte, though genius bleſs
To ſome divine exceſs,
Faint 's the cold work till thou inſpire the whole;
What each, what all ſupply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canſt raiſe the meeting ſoul!

Of theſe let others aſk,
To aid ſome mighty taſk,
I only ſeek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might ſound
To maids and ſhepherds round,
And all thy ſons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

AS once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard,
(Him whoſe ſchool above the reſt
His lovelieſt Elfin queen has bleſt)

One, only one unrival'd fair*,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At ſolemn tournay hung on high,
The wiſh of each love-darting eye;
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unſeen, ſome hovering hand,
Some chaſte and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whiſper'd ſpell had burſt the ſtarting band,
It left unbleſt her loath'd diſhonour'd ſide;
Happier hopeleſs fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divineſt name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The ceſt of ampleſt power is given,
To few the god-like gift aſſigns,
To gird their bleſt prophetic loins,
And gaze her viſions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as fairy legends ſay,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented ſky, this laughing earth,
And dreſt with ſprings, and foreſts tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthuſiaſt woo'd,
Himſelf in ſome diviner mood,
Retiring, ſate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his ſapphire throne,

* Florimel. See Spenſer, Leg. 4.

The

The whiles, the vaulted ſhrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to ſound,
Now ſublimeſt triumph ſwelling;
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And ſhe, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy ſubject life was born?
The dangerous paſſions kept aloof,
Far from the ſainted growing woof:
But near it ſate ecſtatic Wonder,
Liſtening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in ſunny veſt array'd,
By whoſe the Tarſol's eyes were made;
All the ſhadowy tribes of Mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambroſial flowers.
Where is the Bard, whoſe ſoul can now
Its high preſuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him deſign'd?
High on ſome cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude acceſs, of proſpect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous ſteep,
Strange ſhades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its ſprings unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies ſpread.

I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven its native ſtrains could hear:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle ſhades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aſpiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding ſteps purſue;
In vain—Such bliſs to one alone,
Of all the ſons of ſoul was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inſpiring bowers,
Or curtain'd cloſe ſuch ſcene from every future view.

ODE. Written in the Year 1746.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom ſhall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O Thou, who ſit'ſt a ſmiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and aweful ſide,
Gentleſt of ſky-born forms, and beſt ador'd:
Who oft with ſongs, divine to hear,
Win'ſt from his fatal graſp the ſpear,
And hid'ſt in wreaths of flowers his bloodleſs ſword!
Thou who, amidſt the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy boſom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who ſinks to ground:
See Mercy, ſee, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy ſhrine my country's genius ſtands,
And decks thy altar ſtill, though pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And ruſh'd in wrath to make our iſle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy ſweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blaſted road,
And ſtopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I ſee recoil his ſable ſteeds,
That bore him ſwift to ſavage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain ſhown,
Where Juſtice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roſeate bower,
Thou, thou ſhalt rule our queen, and ſhare our monarch's throne!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

WHO ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths, whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue ſhedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alceus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt,
At Wiſdom's ſhrine a while its flame concealing,
(What place ſo fit to ſeal a deed renown'd?)
Till ſhe her brighteſt lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O Goddeſs, in that feeling hour,
When moſt its ſounds would court thy ears,
Let not my ſhell's miſguided power,
E'er draw thy ſad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy face,
With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell,
Puſh'd by a wild and artleſs race,
From off its wide ambitious baſe,
When Time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,
And all the blended work of ſtrength and grace,
With many a rude repeated ſtroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thouſand fragments broke.

EPODE.

EPODE.

2.

Yet, ev'n wheree'er the leaſt appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midſt the ſcatter'd ſtates around,
Some remnants of her ſtrength were found;
They ſaw, by what eſcap'd the ſtorm,
How wondrous roſe her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty maſter pour'd his ſoul;
For ſunny Florence, ſeat of art,
Beneath her vines preſerv'd a part,
Till they, whom ſcience lov'd to name,
(O, who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Piſa's olive ſhade!
See ſmall Marino joins the theme,
Though leaſt, not laſt in thy eſteem;
Strike, louder ſtrike th' ennobling ſtrings
To thoſe, whoſe merchants ſons were kings;
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleaſure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian meaſure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I ſeek,
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;

Forth

Forth from his eyrie rouz'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With thoſe * to whom thy ſtork is dear:
Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'ſt the ſtrains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect ſpell ſhall then avail,
Hail, Nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the meaſure vaſt of thought,
The works, the wizard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique ſtory,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverſe ſtrand †,
No ſea between, nor cliff ſublime and hoary,
He paſs'd with unwet feet through all our land.

* The Dutch, amongſt whom there are very ſevere penalties for thoſe who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almoſt all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are ſaid to entertain a ſuperſtitious ſentiment, that if the whole ſpecies of them ſhould become extinct, they ſhould loſe their liberties.

† This tradition is mentioned by ſeveral of our old hiſtorians. Some naturaliſts too have endeavoured to ſupport the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correſpondent diſpoſition of the two oppoſite coaſts. I do not remember that any poetical uſe has been hitherto made of it.

To the blown Baltic then, they ſay,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfiſh mountains rounding;
Till all the banded weſt at once 'gan riſe,
A wide wild ſtorm ev'n Nature's ſelf confounding,
Withering her giant ſons with ſtrange uncouth ſurprize.
This pillar'd earth ſo firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was puſh'd aſide,
And down the ſhouldering billows borne.
And ſee, like gems, her laughing train,
The little iſles on every ſide,
Mona *, once hid from thoſe who ſearch the main,
Where thouſand elfin ſhapes abide,
And Wight who checks the weſtering tide,
For thee conſenting heaven has each beſtow'd,
A fair attendant on her ſovereign pride:
To thee this bleſt divorce ſhe ow'd,
For thou haſt made her vales thy lov'd, thy laſt abode!

* There is a tradition in the Iſle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the ſhore, and opened her paſſion to him, but was received with a coldneſs, occaſioned by his horror and ſurprize at her appearance. This however was ſo miſconſtrued by the ſea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment of her, ſhe puniſhed the whole iſland, by covering it with a miſt, ſo that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the ſea, or were on a ſudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis ſaid, an hoary pile,
'Midſt the green navel of our iſle,
Thy ſhrine in ſome religious wood,
O ſoul-enforcing Goddeſs, ſtood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celeſtial meet:
Though now with hopeleſs toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-treſſed Dane,
Or Roman's ſelf o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'T were hard for modern ſong to tell.
Yet ſtill, if truth thoſe beams infuſe,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muſe,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd ſky:
Amidſt the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model ſtill remains.
There happier than in iſlands bleſt,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe dreſt,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's ſtory,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their conſorted Druids ſing
Their triumphs to th' immortal ſtring.
How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?

Ev'n

Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it ſeems to riſe!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majeſtic, through the mix'd deſign;
The ſecret builder knew to chuſe,
Each ſphere found gem of richeſt hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
When nearer ſuns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the Patriot's ſight
May ever hang with freſh delight,
And, grav'd with ſome prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmoſt altar ſtand!
Now ſoothe her, to her bliſsful train
Blithe Concord's ſocial form to gain:
Concord, whoſe myrtle wand can ſteep
Ev'n Anger's blood-ſhot eyes in ſleep:
Before whoſe breathing boſom's balm,
Rage drops his ſteel, and ſtorms grow calm;
Her let our ſires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd ſhore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding ſound,
The nations ſhout to her around,
O, how ſupremely art thou bleſt,
Thou, Lady, thou ſhalt rule the weſt!

O D E

To a Lady, on the Death of Colonel CHARLES Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written May, 1745.

WHILE, loſt to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day:
While ſtain'd with blood he ſtrives to tear
Unſeemly from his ſea-green hair
The wreaths of chearful May:

The thoughts which muſing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raiſe,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herſelf unkind,
Awakes to grief the ſoften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's deſcending wave
His country's vows ſhall bleſs the grave,
Wheree'er the youth is laid:
That ſacred ſpot the village hind
With every ſweeteſt turf ſhall bind,
And Peace protect the ſhade.

O'er him, whoſe doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms ſhall ſit at eve,
And bend the penſive head;

And,

And, fall'n to ſave his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's aweful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their ſainted reſt:
And, half-reclining on his ſpear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming gueſt.

Old Edward's ſons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Creſſy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they ſnatch the gleamy ſteel,
And wiſh th' avenging fight.

But, lo! where, ſunk in deep deſpair,
Her garments torn, her boſom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted treſſes madly ſpread,
To every ſod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyleſs eyes.

Ne'er ſhall ſhe leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph burſting round
Proclaim her reign reſtor'd:
Till William ſeek the ſad retreat,
And, bleeding at her ſacred feet,
Preſent the fated ſword.

If, weak to ſoothe ſo ſoft an heart,
Theſe pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy conſtant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's diſtant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou ſee'ſt him lie,
Wild war inſulting near:

Wheree'er from time thou court'ſt relief,
The Muſe ſhall ſtill, with ſocial grief,
Her gentleſt promiſe keep:
Ev'n humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the ſad repeated tale,
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſoothe thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales;

O nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſun
Sits in yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-ey'd bat,
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,

As

As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim borne in heedleſs hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,

Whoſe numbers, ſtealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-ſtar ariſing ſhows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who ſlept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhening dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.

Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more aweful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill bluſtering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

While Spring ſhall pour his ſhowers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!
While Summer loves to ſport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, ſmiling Peace,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE TO PEACE.

O Thou, who bad'ſt thy turtles bear
Swift from his graſp thy golden hair,
And ſought'ſt thy native ſkies:
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his ſtorms ariſe!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic ſway,
Our youth ſhall fix ſome feſtive day,
His ſullen ſhrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'ſt the turning ſpheres,
What ſounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bleſt return!

O Peace,

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O riſe, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The Britiſh lion, Goddeſs ſweet,
Lies ſtretch'd on earth to kiſs thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy tranſient ſmile,
But come to grace thy weſtern iſle,
By warlike Honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her ſons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken deſign'd;
The dim-diſcover'd tracts of mind:
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My ſilent ſearch in vain requir'd!
No more my ſail that deep explores,
No more I ſearch thoſe magic ſhores,
What regions part the world of ſoul,
Or whence thy ſtreams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round ſuch fairy field,
Some power impart the ſpear and ſhield,
At which the wizard paſſions fly,
By which the giant follies die!
Farewell the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green;

Where Science, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy dreſt,
Comes like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade!
Youth of the quick uncheated ſight,
Thy walks, Obſervance, more invite!
O thou, who lov'ſt that ampler range,
Where life's wide proſpects round thee change,
And, with her mingled ſons ally'd,
Throw'ſt the prattling page aſide:
To me in converſe ſweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where Science ſure is found,
From Nature as ſhe lives around:
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each ſhifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverſe the leſſons taught before,
Alluring from a ſafer rule,
To dream in her enchanted ſchool;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boaſt,
Haſt bleſt this ſocial ſcience moſt.
Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent ſpell,
Not vain ſhe finds the charmful taſk,
In pageant quaint, in motley maſk,
Behold, before her muſing eyes,
The countleſs Manners round her riſe;
While, ever varying as they paſs,
To ſome Contempt applies her glaſs:

With

With theſe the white-rob'd maid combine,
And thoſe the laughing ſatyrs join!
But who is he whom now ſhe views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the paſſions nurs'd; I greet
The comic ſock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whoſe name is known
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone:
Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd heathful Wit,
(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide!
By old Miletus * who ſo long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven ſong:
By all you taught the Tuſcan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern ſhades:
By him †, whoſe knight's diſtinguiſh'd name
Refin'd a nation's luſt of fame;
Whoſe tales ev'n now, with echoes ſweet,
Caſtilia's Mooriſh hills repeat:
Or him ‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's ſhore,

* Alluding to the Mileſian Tales, ſome of the earlieſt romances.

† Cervantes.

‡ Monſier Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

Who drew the ſad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her ſire betray'd:
O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy ſeal!
Let ſome retreating Cynic find
Thoſe oft-turn'd ſcrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree
You rove thy ſcene-full world with thee!

The PASSIONS. An ODE for Muſic.

WHEN Muſic, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſt beyond the Muſe's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for madneſs rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

First

First Fear his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his ſecret ſtings,
In one rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
And ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair—
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill through all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had ſhe ſung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient roſe,
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And

And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected Pity at his ſide
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien, [his head.
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting from
Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate,
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole,
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Chearfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd ſiſters, and their chaſte-ey'd queen,
Satyrs and ſylvan boys were ſeen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.
Laſt came Joy's ecſtatic trial,
He, with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſt,
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk-awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic round,
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.
O Muſic, ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of pleaſure, wiſdom's aid,
Why, Goddeſs, why to us denied?
Lay'ſt thou thy ancient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd in all-commanding power,
Thy mimic ſoul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard.

Where

Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording ſiſter's page—
'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of ſound—
O, bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece,
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate!
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

AN EPISTLE

Addreſſed to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakeſpeare's Works.

WHILE, born to bring the Muſe's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While, nurs'd by you, ſhe ſees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb:
Excuſe her doubts, if yet ſhe fears to tell
What ſecret tranſports in her boſom ſwell:
With conſcious awe ſhe hears the critic's fame,
And bluſhing hides her wreath at Shakeſpeare's name.

Hard

Hard was the lot thoſe injur'd ſtrains endur'd,
Unown'd by ſcience, and by years obſcur'd:
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing ſighs confeſs'd
A fixt deſpair in every tuneful breaſt.
Not with more grief th' afflicted ſwains appear,
When wintery winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering froſts the ruin'd ſeats invade
Where Peace reſorted, and the Graces play'd.
Each riſing art by juſt gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muſe alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with nobleſt pomp her earlieſt ſtage.
Preſerv'd through time, the ſpeaking ſcenes impart
Each changeful wiſh of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curſe that mark'd the * Theban's reign,
A bed inceſtuous, and a father ſlain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the ſad tale, and own another's woe.
To Rome remov'd, with wit ſecure to pleaſe,
The comic ſiſters keep their native eaſe.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almoſt excell'd!
But every Muſe eſſay'd to raiſe in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic ſtrain;
Ilyſſus' laurels, though transfer'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly ſoil.
As arts expir'd, reſiſtleſs Dulneſs roſe;
Goths, Prieſts, or Vandals,—all were learning's foes.

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

Till

Till * Julius firſt recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Coſmo own'd them in th' Etrurian ſhade:
Then, deeply ſkill'd in love's engaging theme,
The ſoft Provencial paſs'd to Arno's ſtream:
With graceful eaſe the wanton lyre he ſtrung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he ſung.
The gay deſcription could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But heaven, ſtill various in its works, decreed
The perfect boaſt of time ſhould laſt ſucceed.
The beauteous union muſt appear at length,
Of Tuſcan fancy, and Athenian ſtrength:
One greater Muſe Eliza's reign adorn,
And ev'n a Shakeſpeare to her fame be born!

Yet, ah! ſo bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No ſecond growth the weſtern iſle could bear,
At once exhauſted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonſon knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almoſt loſt in Art.
Of ſofter mold the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention 'midſt his ſcenes we find
Each glowing thought, that warms the female mind;
Each melting ſigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wiſhes, and the virgin's fear.
His † every ſtrain the Smiles and Graces own;
But ſtronger Shakeſpeare felt for man alone:

* Julius II. the immediate predeceſſor of Leo X.
† Their characters are thus diſtinguiſhed by Mr. Dryden.

Drawn

Drawn by his pen, our ruder paſſions ſtand
Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.
* With gradual ſteps, and ſlow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her ſhores advance:
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and juſt in all ſhe drew.
Till late Corneille, with † Lucan's ſpirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free ſtrain, as Rome and he inſpir'd:
And claſſic judgement gain'd to ſweet Racine
The temperate ſtrength of Maro's chaſter line.
But wilder far the Britiſh laurel ſpread,
And wreaths leſs artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every ſcene could give
Th' hiſtorian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad ſurprize,
Majeſtic forms of mighty monarchs riſe.
There Henry's trumpets ſpread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conqueſt waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying ſigh,
Scarce born to honours, and ſo ſoon to die!
Yet ſhall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:

* About the time of Shakeſpeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, ſix hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themſelves in general to the correct improvement of the ſtage, which was almoſt totally diſregarded by thoſe of our own country, Jonſon excepted.

† The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

The

The time ſhall come when Glo'ſter's heart ſhall bleed
In life's laſt hours, with horror of the deed:
When dreary viſions ſhall at laſt preſent
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:
Thy hand unſeen the ſecret death ſhall bear,
Blunt the weak ſword, and break th' oppreſſive ſpear.

Wheree'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some ſweet illuſion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, ſhe calls the ſoul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where ſwains contented own the quiet ſcene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dreſs'd by her hand, the woods and vallies ſmile,
And Spring diffuſive decks th' inchanted iſle.

O, more than all in powerful genius bleſt,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breaſt!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart ſhall feel,
Thy ſongs ſupport me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raiſe,
There native muſic dwells in all the lays.
O, might ſome verſe with happieſt ſkill perſuade
Expreſſive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might riſe from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a diſtant age!

Methinks ev'n now I view ſome free deſign,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaſte and ſubdued the modeſt lights decay,
Steal into ſhades, and mildly melt away.
—And ſee, where * Anthony, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:

* See the tragedy of Julius Cæſar.

O'er

O'er the cold corſe the warrior ſeems to bend,
Deep ſunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they preſs, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.
But * who is he, whoſe brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging ſteel.
Yet ſhall not war's inſatiate fury fall,
(So heaven ordains it) on the deſtin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midſt the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and proſtrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the ſoul, in vain he ſtrives to hide
The ſon's affection, in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting paſſions riſe,
Rage graſps the ſword, while pity melts the eyes.
Thus, generous Critic, as thy bard inſpires,
The Siſter Arts ſhall nurſe their drooping fires:
Each from his ſcenes her ſtores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal ſtring:
Thoſe Sibyl-leaves, the ſport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careleſs kind)
By thee diſpos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, juſt to nature, own thy forming hand.
So ſpread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole unknown,
Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulyſſes ſcarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters caſt on every ſhore:

* Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the Odyſſey.

When ras'd by fate, ſome former Hanmer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundleſs mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, ſuppoſed to be dead.

TO fair Fidele's graſſy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew;

The red-breaſt oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake thy ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf be dead.

ODE

On the Death of Mr. THOMSON.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe,
To deck its Poet's ſylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whiſpering reeds
His airy harp * ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love through life the ſoothing ſhade.

* The harp of Æolus, of which ſee a deſcription in the Caſtle of Indolence.

III.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And, while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear,
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

V.

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whitening * ſpire,
And 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'ſt that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimmering near?
With him, ſweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd ſiſters now attend,

* Mr. Thomſon was buried in Richmond church.

Now waft me from the green hill's ſide
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And ſee, the fairy vallies fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads * aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and ſhepherd girls ſhall dreſs
With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy ſtone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, ſhall he ſay,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

VERSES

Written on a Paper, which contained a Piece of Bride-Cake.

YE curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By ſearch profane ſhall find this hallow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the ſacred prize,
Nor dare a theft for love and pity's ſake!

* Mr. Thomſon reſided in the neighbourhood of Richmond ſome time before his death.

This precious relick, form'd by magic power,
Beneath the ſhepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the ſilent hour,
The ſecret preſent of a matchleſs maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond requeſt,
Each nice ingredient choſe with happieſt art;
Fears, ſighs, and wiſhes of th' enamour'd breaſt,
And pains that pleaſe are mixt in every part.

With roſy hand the ſpicy fruit ſhe brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's iſle;
And temper'd ſweet with theſe the melting thought,
The kiſs ambroſial, and the yielding ſmile.

Ambiguous looks, that ſcorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint conſent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath ſworn, while theſe remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And chearful hope, ſo oft invok'd in vain,
With fairy ſongs ſhall ſooth his penſive ear.

If, bound by vows to friendſhip's gentle ſide,
And fond of ſoul, thou hop'ſt an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much intreated leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath ſhunn'd my plaintive day,
Conſents at length to bring me ſhort delight,
Thy careleſs ſteps may ſcare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note uſurp the night.

AN

AN

ODE

ON THE

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

OF THE

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;

CONSIDERED AS THE

SUBJECT OF POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO Mr. JOHN HOME.

I.

HOME, thou return'ſt from Thames, whoſe Naiads long
Have ſeen thee lingering with a fond delay,
Mid thoſe ſoft friends, whoſe hearts ſome future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic ſong*.
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth †
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'ſt by Lavant's ſide;
Together let us wiſh him laſting truth,
And joy untainted with his deſtin'd bride.
Go! nor regardleſs, while theſe numbers boaſt
My ſhort-liv'd bliſs, forget my ſocial name;
But think, far off, how, on the Southern coaſt,
I met thy friendſhip with an equal flame!

* How truly did Collins predict Home's tragic powers!
† A Gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

Freſh to that ſoil thou turn'ſt, where every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his ſong demand:
To thee thy copious ſubjects ne'er ſhall fail;
Thou need'ſt but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

II.

There, muſt thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou ſett'ſt thy feet;
Where ſtill, 'tis ſaid, the Fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken ſhade, on mead or hill.
There, each trim laſs, that ſkims the milky ſtore
To the ſwart tribes, their creamy bowls allots;
By night they ſip it round the cottage-door,
While airy minſtrels warble jocund notes.
There, every herd, by ſad experience, knows
How, wing'd with Fate, their elf-ſhot arrows fly,
When the ſick ewe her ſummer food foregoes,
Or, ſtretch'd on earth, the heart-ſmit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd ſwain:
Nor thou, tho' learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect;
Let thy ſweet Muſe the rural faith ſuſtain;
Theſe are the themes of ſimple, ſure effect,
That add new conqueſts to her boundleſs reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding ſtrain.

III.

Ev'n yet preſerv'd, how often may'ſt thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father, to his liſtening ſon;
Strange lays, whoſe power had charm'd a Spenſer's ear.

At

At every pauſe, before thy mind poſſeſt,
Old Runic bards ſhall ſeem to riſe around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd veſt,
Their matted hair with boughs fantaſtic crown'd:
Whether thou bid'ſt the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns ſome chieftain brave,
When every ſhrieking maid her boſom beat,
And ſtrew'd with choiceſt herbs his ſcented grave;
Or whether, ſitting in the ſhepherd's ſhiel *,
Thou hear'ſt ſome ſounding tale of war's alarms;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and ſteel,
The ſturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny ſwarms,
And hoſtile brothers met, to prove each other's arms.

IV.

'Tis thine to ſing, how, framing hideous ſpells,
In Sky's lone iſle, the gifted wizzard-ſeer,
Lodg'd in the wintery cave with Fate's fell ſpear,
Or in the depth of Uiſt's dark foreſt dwells:
How they, whoſe ſight ſuch dreary dreams engroſs,
With their own viſion oft aſtoniſh'd droop,
When, o'er the watry ſtrath, or quaggy moſs,
They ſee the gliding ghoſts unbodied troop.
Or, if in ſports, or on the feſtive green,
Their deſtin'd glance ſome fated youth deſcry,
Who now, perhaps, in luſty vigour ſeen,
And roſy health, ſhall ſoon lamented die.

* A ſummer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, to tend their flocks in the warm ſeaſon, when the paſture is fine.

For

For them the viewleſs forms of air obey;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair.
They know what ſpirit brews the ſtormful day,
And heartleſs, oft like moody madneſs, ſtare
To ſee the phantom train their ſecret work prepare.

V.

To monarchs dear *, ſome hundred miles aſtray,
Oft have they ſeen Fate give the fatal blow!
The Seer, in Sky, ſhriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headleſs Charles warm on the ſcaffold lay!

As

* By the public prints we are informed, that a Scotch clergyman lately diſcovered Collins's rude draught of this poem. It is however ſaid to be very imperfect. The Vth ſtanza, and the half of the VIth, ſay thoſe prints, being deficient, has been ſupplied by Mr. Mackenzie; whoſe lines are here annexed, for the purpoſe of compariſon, and to do juſtice to the elegant author of the Man of Feeling.

" Or on ſome bellying rock that ſhades the deep,
" They view the lurid ſigns that croſs the ſky,
" Where in the weſt, the brooding tempeſts lie;
" And hear their firſt, faint, ruſtling pennons ſweep.
" Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
" The broad, unbroken billows heave and ſwell,
" In horrid muſings rapt, they ſit to mark
" The lab'ring moon; or liſt the nightly yell
" Of that dread ſpirit, whoſe gigantic form
" The ſeer's entranced eye can well ſurvey,
" Through the dim air who guides the driving ſtorm,
" And points the wretched bark its deſtin'd prey.
" Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,

" O'er

As Boreas threw his young Aurora * forth,
In the firſt year of the firſt George's reign,
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion ſlain!
And as, of late, they joy'd in Preſton's fight,
Saw at ſad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd!
They rav'd! divining, thro' their Second Sight †,
Pale, red Culloden, where theſe hopes were drown'd!
Illuſtrious William ‡! Britain's guardian name!
One William ſav'd us from a tyrant's ſtroke;
He, for a ſceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
But thou, more glorious, ſlavery's chain haſt broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke!

" O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waſte,
" Draws inſtant down whate'er devoted thing
" The falling breeze within its reach hath plac'd—
" The diſtant ſeaman hears, and flies with trembling haſte.
" Or, if on land the fiend exerts his ſway,
" Silent he broods o'er quickſand, bog or fen,
" Far from the ſheltering roof and haunts of men,
" When witched darkneſs ſhuts the eye of day,
" And ſhrouds each ſtar that wont to cheer the night;
" Or, if the drifted ſnow perplex the way,
" With treacherous gleam he lures the fated wight,
" And leads him floundering on and quite aſtray."

* By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the firſt appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715; at leaſt, it is moſt highly probable from this peculiar circumſtance, that no ancient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period.

† Second ſight is the term that is uſed for the divination of the Highlanders.

‡ The late Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

VI. Theſe

VI.

Theſe, too, thou'lt ſing! for well thy magic Muſe
Can to the topmoſt heaven of grandeur ſoar;
Or ſtoop to wail the ſwain that is no more!
Ah, homely ſwains! your homeward ſteps ne'er looſe;
Let not dank Will * miſlead you to the heath:
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marſhy, willow brake!
What though far off, from ſome dark dell eſpied,
His glimmering mazes chear th' excurſive ſight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your ſteps aſide,
Nor truſt the guidance of that faithleſs light;
For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unruſtling reed,
At thoſe mirk hours the wily monſter lies,
And liſtens oft to hear the paſſing ſteed,
And frequent round him rolls his ſullen eyes,
If chance his ſavage wrath may ſome weak wretch
ſurprize.

VII.

Ah, luckleſs ſwain, o'er all unbleſt, indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and ſmoaking hamlet, then!
To that ſad ſpot where hums the ſedgy weed:
On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But inſtant, furious, raiſe the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!

* A fiery meteor, called by various names, ſuch as Will with the Wiſp, Jack with the Lanthorn, &c. It hovers in the air over marſhy and fenny places.

Or,

Or, if he meditate his wiſh'd eſcape,
To ſome dim hill that ſeems upriſing near,
To his faint eye, the grim and griſly ſhape,
In all its terrors clad, ſhall wild appear.
Meantime the watery ſurge ſhall round him riſe,
Pour'd ſudden forth from every ſwelling ſource!
What now remains but tears and hopeleſs ſighs?
His fear-ſhook limbs have loſt their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathleſs corſe!

VIII.

For him in vain his anxious wife ſhall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes ſhall linger at th' uncloſing gate!
Ah, ne'er ſhall he return! Alone, if night,
Her travel'd limbs in broken ſlumbers ſteep!
With drooping willows dreſt, his mournful ſprite
Shall viſit ſad, perchance, her ſilent ſleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moiſt and watery hand,
Shall fondly ſeem to preſs her ſhuddering cheek,
And with his blue-ſwoln face before her ſtand,
And, ſhivering cold, theſe piteous accents ſpeak:
"Purſue, dear wife, thy daily toils, purſue,
"At dawn or duſk, induſtrious as before;
"Nor e'er of me one helpleſs thought renew,
"While I lie weltering on the ozier'd ſhore,
"Drown'd by the Kelpie's * wrath, nor e'er ſhall aid thee more!"

* The water fiend.

IX. Un-

IX.

Unbounded is thy range; with varied ſkill
Thy Muſe may, like thoſe feathery tribes which ſpring
From their rude rocks, extend her ſkirting wing
Round the moiſt marge of each cold Hebrid iſle,
To that hoar pile * which ſtill its ruin ſhows:
In whoſe ſmall vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whoſe bones the delver with his ſpade upthrows,
And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd ground!
Or thither †, where beneath the ſhow'ry weſt,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they reſt,
No ſlaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight ſolemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the Monarchs ſtalk with ſovereign power,
In pageant robes; and, wreath'd with ſheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

X.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whoſe bleak rocks, which brave the waſting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! juſt, as they, their blameleſs manners trace!

* One of the Hebrides is called The Iſle of Pigmies; where it is reported, that ſeveral miniature bones of the human ſpecies have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

† Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near ſixty of the ancient Scottiſh, Iriſh, and Norwegian kings are interred.

Then

Then to my ear tranſmit ſome gentle ſong,
Of thoſe whoſe lives are yet ſincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their proſpect but the wintery main.
With ſparing temperance at the needful time,
They drain the ſcented ſpring; or, hunger-preſt,
Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading, climb,
And of its eggs deſpoil the Solan's * neſt.
Thus, bleſt in primal innocence they live,
Suffic'd, and happy with that frugal fare
Which taſteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their ſhallow ſoil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

XI.

Nor need'ſt thou bluſh that ſuch falſe themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer ſtores poſſeſt;
For not alone they touch the village breaſt,
But fill'd in elder time, th' hiſtoric page.
There, Shakeſpeare's ſelf, with ev'ry garland crown'd,
Flew to thoſe fairy climes his fancy ſheen,
In muſing hour; his wayward ſiſters found,
And with their terrors dreſt the magic ſcene.
From them he ſung, when, 'mid his bold deſign,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghaſt!
The ſhadowy kings of Banquo's fated line,
Thro' the dark cave in gleamy pageant paſt.

* An aquatic bird like a gooſe, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly ſubſiſt.

Proceed! nor quit the tales which, ſimply told,
Could once ſo well my anſwering boſom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful ſounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearſe;
To ſuch adapt thy lyre, and ſuit thy powerful verſe.

XII.

In ſcenes like theſe, which, daring to depart
From ſober truth, are ſtill to Nature true,
And call forth freſh delight to Fancy's view,
Th' heroic Muſe employ'd her Taſſo's art!
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's ſtroke,
Its guſhing blood the gaping cypreſs pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal accents ſpoke,
And the wild blaſt upheav'd the vaniſh'd ſword!
How have I ſat, when pip'd the penſive wind,
To hear his harp by Britiſh Fairfax ſtrung!
Prevailing poet! whoſe undoubting mind,
Believ'd the magic wonders which he ſung!
Hence, at each ſound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life ſtarts here!
Hence his warm lay with ſofteſt ſweetneſs flows!
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, ſtrong and clear,
And fills th' impaſſion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear!

XIII.

All hail, ye ſcenes that o'er my ſoul prevail!
Ye ſplendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by ſmooth Annan * fill'd, or paſt'ral Tay †,
Or Don's ‡ romantic ſprings, at diſtance, hail!

* † ‡ Three rivers in Scotland.

The

The time ſhall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens *, o'erhung with ſpreading broom;
Or o'er your ſtretching heaths, by Fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dreſs once more the faded bower,
Where Jonſon † ſat in Drummond's claſſic ſhade;
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,
And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid!
Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains ‡, attend!—
Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I loſe, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preſerve my abſent friend!

* Vallies.

† Ben Jonſon paid a viſit on foot, in 1619, to the Scotch poet Drummond, at his ſeat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

‡ Barrow, it ſeems, was at the Edinburgh univerſity, which is in the county of Lothian.

S O N G.

The Sentiments borrowed from SHAKESPEARE.

YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,
Ye lowland hamlets moan:
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a ſtone.

His ſhroud, which death's cold damps deſtroy,
Of ſnow-white threads was made:
All mourn'd to ſee ſo ſweet a boy
In earth for ever laid.

Pale panſies o'er his corpſe were plac'd,
Which, pluck'd before their time,
Beſtrew'd the boy like him to waſte,
And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whoſe tongue
Could tune the rural lay?
Ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who lov'd ſo well:
Ah me! how many a true-love ſhower
Of kind remembrance fell!

Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,
Her grief o'er all was tried,
Within his grave ſhe dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her lov'd-one died.

OB-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

THE genius of the paſtoral, as well as of every other reſpectable ſpecies of poetry, had its origin in the Eaſt, and from thence was tranſplanted by the Muſes of Greece; but whether from the continent of the leſſer Aſia, or from Egypt, which, about the æra of the Grecian paſtoral, was the hoſpitable nurſe of letters, it is not eaſy to determine. From the ſubjects, and the manner of Theocritus, one would incline to the latter opinion, while the hiſtory of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it ſhould ſtill remain a doubt through what channel the paſtoral travelled weſtward, there is not the leaſt ſhadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In thoſe ages, which, guided by ſacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears from the moſt authentic hiſtorians, that the chiefs of the people employed themſelves in rural exerciſes, and that aſtronomers and legiſlators were at the ſame time ſhepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the hiſtory of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean ſhepherd.

From theſe circumſtances it is evident not only that ſuch ſhepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted would be of the paſtoral kind; would take its ſubjects from thoſe ſcenes of rural ſimplicity in which they were converſant, and, as it was the offspring of Harmony and Nature, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the moſt ancient poems treat of agriculture, aſtronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural ſyſtems.

What conſtitutes the difference between the Georgic and the Paſtoral, is love and the colloquial or dramatic form of compoſition peculiar to the latter: this form of compoſition is ſometimes diſpenſed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought ſufficient to diſtinguiſh the paſtoral. The tender paſſion, however, ſeems to be eſſential to this ſpecies of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from thoſe pieces that were intended to come under this denomination: even in thoſe eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whoſe only purport is a trial of ſkill between contending ſhepherds, love has its uſual ſhare, and the praiſes of their reſpective miſtreſſes are the general ſubjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented that ſcarce any oriental compoſitions of this kind have ſurvived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time; we cannot doubt that many ſuch have been extant, poſſibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without

without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity periſhed in the aſhes of the Alexandrian library.

Thoſe ingenious Greeks whom we call the parents of paſtoral poetry were, probably, no more than imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter ſources, and kindled their poetical fires at thoſe then unextinguiſhed lamps which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himſelf of thoſe magnificent images and deſcriptions ſo frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Teſtament; and why may not Theocritus, Moſchus, and Bion, have found their archetypes in other eaſtern writers, whoſe names have periſhed with their works? yet, though it may not be illiberal to admit ſuch a ſuppoſition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude, what the malignity of cavillers alone could ſuggeſt with regard to Homer, that they deſtroyed the ſources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their ſupporters to death.

As the Septuagint-tranſlation of the Old Teſtament was performed at the requeſt, and under the patronage, of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed ſome of his paſtoral imagery from the poetical paſſages of thoſe books.—I think it can hardly be doubted that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expreſſions of the prophet Iſaiah, when he wrote the following lines:

Νυν ια μεν φορεοιτε βατοι, φορεοιτε δ' ακανθαι.
'Α δε καλα ναρκισσος επ' αρκευθοισι κομασαι·
Παντα δ' εναλλα γενοιτο, και ἁ πιτυς οχνας ενειακαι
——— και τως κυνας ὡλαφος ἑλκοι.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
On the rude thorn Narciſſus dreſs his hair—
All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd,
And the bold deer ſhall drag the trembling hound.

The cauſe, indeed, of theſe phænomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet; the former employing them on the death, the latter on the birth, of an important perſon: but the marks of imitation are nevertheleſs obvious.

It might, however, be expected, that if Theocritus had borrowed at all from the ſacred writers, the celebrated Epithalamium of Solomon, ſo much within his own walk of poetry, would not certainly have eſcaped his notice. His Epithalamium on the marriage of Helena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitation; therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal bard, we may expect to find them there. The very opening of the poem is in the ſpirit of the Hebrew ſong:

Ουτω δε πρωϊζα κατεδραθες, ω φιλε γαμβρε;

The colour of imitation is ſtill ſtronger in the following paſſage:

Αως αν ελλοισα καλον διεφαινε προσωπον,
Ποτνια νυξ ἁτε, λευκον εαρ χειμενος ανεντος·
Ὡδε και ἁ χρυσεα Ἑλενα διεφαινετ' εν ἡμῖν,

Πιιιρε,

Πιειρε, μεγαλη. ἁτ' ανεδραμεν ογμος αρȣρᾳ,
Η καπῳ κυπαρισσος, η ἁρματι Θεσσαλος ἱππος.

This deſcription of Helen is infinitely above the ſtyle and figure of the Sicilian paſtoral—" She is like the " riſing of the golden morning, when the night depart- " eth, and when the winter is over and gone. She re- " ſembleth the cypreſs in the garden, the horſe in the " chariots of Theſſaly." Theſe figures plainly declare their origin; and others, equally imitative, might be pointed out in the ſame Idyllium.

This beautiful and luxuriant marriage paſtoral of Solomon is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue that has ſurvived the ruins of time, a happineſs for which it is, probably, more indebted to its ſacred character than to its intrinſic merit. Not that it is by any means deſtitute of poetical excellence: like all the eaſtern poetry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its figures, alluſions, and parts, and has all that graceful and magnificent daring which characteriſes its metaphorical and comparative imagery.

In conſequence of theſe peculiarities, ſo ill adapted to the frigid genius of the North, Mr. Collins could make but little uſe of it as a precedent for his oriental eclogues; and even in his third eclogue, where the ſubject is of a ſimilar nature, he has choſen rather to follow the mode of the Doric and the Latin paſtoral.

The ſcenery and ſubjects then of the following eclogues alone are oriental; the ſtyle and colouring are purely European; and, for this reaſon, the author's

preface, in which he intimates that he had the originals from a merchant who traded to the Eaſt, is omitted, as being now altogether ſuperfluous.

With regard to the merit of theſe eclogues, it may juſtly be aſſerted, that in ſimplicity of deſcription and expreſſion, in delicacy and ſoftneſs of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderneſs, they are not to be equalled by any thing of the paſtoral kind in the Engliſh language.

ECLOGUE I.

THIS eclogue, which is entitled Selim, or the Shepherd's Moral, as there is nothing dramatic in the ſubject, may be thought the leaſt entertaining of the four: but it is by no means the leaſt valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent ſhepherd delivers to his fellow-ſwains and the virgins, their companions, are ſuch as would infallibly promote the happineſs of the paſtoral life.

In imperſonating the private *virtues*, the poet has obſerved great propriety, and has formed their genealogy with the moſt perfect judgment, when he repreſents them as the daughters of Truth and Wiſdom.

The characteriſtics of Modeſty and Chaſtity are extremely happy and *peintureſque*:

" Come thou, *whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are*
To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty appear; [*clear*,
With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wife, ſuſpicious maid;

Cold

Cold is her breaſt, *like flowers that drink the dew,*
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view."

The two ſimilies borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expreſſive. There is, notwithſtanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to Chaſtity as to Modeſty; and from this inſtance, as well as from a thouſand more, we may ſee the neceſſity of diſtinguiſhing, in characteriſtic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue, that it wants both thoſe eſſential *criteria* of the paſtoral, love and the drama; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former ſtill retains an intereſt in it, and that too very material, as it profeſſedly conſults the virtue and happineſs of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

— that muſt lead to love.

ECLOGUE II.

ALL the advantages that any ſpecies of poetry can derive from the novelty of the ſubject and ſcenery, this eclogue poſſeſſes. The rout of a camel-driver is a ſcene that ſcarce could exiſt in the imagination of an European, and of its attendant diſtreſſes he could have no idea.—Theſe are very happily and minutely painted by our deſcriptive poet. What ſublime ſimplicity of expreſſion! what nervous plainneſs in the opening of the poem!

" In

" In ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt."

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole ſcene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this ſingle couplet we feel all the effect that ariſes from the terrible wildneſs of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verſes that deſcribe ſo minutely the camel-driver's little proviſions, have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehenſions of diſtreſs:

" Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall Thirſt aſſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage!"

It is difficult to ſay whether his apoſtrophe to the " mute companions of his toils," is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderneſs and humanity of the ſentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injuſtice, if he concludes it to be deſtitute of ſenſibility:

" Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around."

Yet in theſe beautiful lines there is a ſlight error, which writers of the greateſt genius very frequently fall into—It will be needleſs to obſerve to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and ſixth verſes there is a verbal pleonaſm where

where the poet ſpeaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an overſight of the ſame kind in the Manners, an Ode; where the poet ſays

" —— Seine's *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds ——"

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taſte it is nevertheleſs diſguſtful; and it is mentioned here as the error of a man of genius and judgment, that men of genius and judgment may guard againſt it.

Mr. Collins ſpeaks like a true poet, as well in ſentiment as expreſſion, when, with regard to the thirſt of wealth, he ſays,

" Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?"

But however juſt theſe ſentiments may appear to thoſe who have not revolted from nature and ſimplicity, had the author proclaimed them in Lombard-ſtreet, or Cheapſide, he would not have been complimented with the underſtanding of the bellman.—A ſtriking proof, that our own particular ideas of happineſs regulate our opinions concerning the ſenſe and wiſdom of others!

It is impoſſible to take leave of this moſt beautiful eclogue, without paying the tribute of admiration ſo juſtly due to the following nervous lines.

" What if the lion in his rage I meet!——
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:

And,

And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rouz'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey."

This, amongſt many other paſſages to be met with in the writings of Collins, ſhews that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in deſcription, notwithſtanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing, certainly, could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expreſſed, than the image in the laſt couplet.

That deception, ſometimes uſed in rhetoric and poetry, which preſents us with an object or ſentiment contrary to what we expected, is here introduced to the greateſt advantage:

" Farewel the youth, whom ſighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet, as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe——
Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!"

But this, perhaps, is rather an artificial prettineſs, than a real, or natural beauty.

ECLOGUE III.

THAT innocent and native ſimplicity of manners, which, in the firſt eclogue, was allowed to conſtitute the happineſs of love, is here beautifully deſcribed in its effects. The ſultan of Perſia marries a Georgian ſhepherdeſs,

herdeſs, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can beſtow. The moſt natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are thoſe where the fair ſultana refers with ſo much pleaſure to her paſtoral amuſements, and thoſe ſcenes of happy innocence in which ſhe had paſſed her early years; particularly when, upon her firſt departure,

"Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu."

This picture of amiable ſimplicity reminds one of that paſſage, where Proſerpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loſs of the flowers ſhe has been gathering.

"Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remiſſis:
Tantaque ſimplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem."

ECLOGUE IV.

THE beautiful, but unfortunate country, where the ſcene of this pathetic eclogue is laid, had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its ſavage neighbours, when Mr. Collins ſo affectedly deſcribed its misfortunes. This ingenious man had not only a pencil to pourtray, but a heart to feel for the miſeries of mankind, and it is with the utmoſt tenderneſs and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circaſſia's ruin, while he realizes the ſcene, and brings the preſent drama before us. Of every circumſtance that could poſſibly contribute to the tender effect this paſtoral was deſigned to produce, the poet has availed himſelf with the utmoſt

art

art and addreſs. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the diſtreſſes of Circaſſia, by repreſenting it as the ſcene of the happieſt love.

" In fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind."

To give the circumſtances of the dialogue a more affecting ſolemnity, he makes the time midnight, and deſcribes the two ſhepherds in the very act of flight from the deſtruction that ſwept over their country:

" Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:"

There is a beauty and propriety in the epithet *wildering*, which ſtrikes us more forcibly, the more we conſider it.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural, and unaffected; when one of the ſhepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had paſſed. This is, certainly, painting from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or deſtitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But, as the cloſeſt purſuit of nature is the ſureſt way to excellence in general, and to ſublimity in particular, in poetical deſcription, ſo we find that this ſimple ſuggeſtion of the ſhepherd is not unattended with magnificence. There is grandeur and variety in the landſkip he deſcribes:

" And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we try'd!
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide!"

There

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expreſſing a ſlow and difficult movement by adding to the uſual number of pauſes in a verſe. This is obſervable in the line that deſcribes the aſcent of the mountain:

And laſt || this lofty mountain's || weary ſide ||.

Here we find the number of pauſes, or muſical bars, which, in an heroic verſe, is commonly two, increaſed to three.

The liquid melody, and the numerous ſweetneſs of expreſſion in the following deſcriptive lines is almoſt inimitably beautiful:

" Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by nymphs and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale."

Nevertheleſs in this delightful landſkip there is an obvious fault: there is no diſtinction between the plain of Zabran, and the vale of Aly: they are both flowery, and conſequently undiverſified. This could not proceed from the poet's want of judgement, but from inattention: it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flowery* twice within ſo ſhort a compaſs; an overſight which thoſe who are accuſtomed to poetical, or, indeed, to any other ſpecies of compoſition, know to be very poſſible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expreſſed, than the ſhepherd's apprehenſions for

for his fair country-women, expoſed to the ravages of the invaders.

" In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief ſhall ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend."

There is, certainly, ſome very powerful charm in the liquid melody of ſounds. The editor of theſe poems could never read or hear the following verſe repeated, without a degree of pleaſure otherwiſe entirely unaccountable:

" Their eyes' *blue languiſh*, and their *golden hair*."

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the ſame kind of anxious pleaſure, we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ODES, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

THE genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the Muſe. Poſſeſſed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation,

tion, ſuſceptible of the fineſt feelings of tenderneſs and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthuſiaſm, which gives to imagination its ſtrongeſt colouring, he was, at once, capable of ſoothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the paſſions by the force of his *pathos*, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his deſcription.

In conſequence of theſe powers, but, more particularly, in conſideration of the laſt, he choſe ſuch ſubjects for his lyric eſſays as were moſt favourable for the indulgence of deſcription and allegory; where he could exerciſe his powers in moral and perſonal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring attributes on images or objects already new known, and deſcribed by a determinate number of characteriſtics; where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the ſociety of imperſonated beings.

Such, no doubt, were the privileges which the poet expected, and ſuch were the advantages he derived from the deſcriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It ſeems to have been the whole induſtry of our author (and it is, at the ſame time, almoſt all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boaſt) to promote the influence of the ſocial virtues, by painting them in the faireſt and happieſt lights.

"Melior fieri tuendo,"

would be no improper motto to his poems in general, but of his lyric poems it ſeems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If, therefore, it ſhould appear to ſome readers that he has been more induſtrious to cultivate deſcription than ſentiment; it may be obſerved, that his deſcriptions themſelves are ſentimental, and anſwer the whole end of that ſpecies of writing, by embelliſhing every feature of virtue, and by conveying, through the effects of the pencil, the fineſt moral leſſons to the mind.

Horace ſpeaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but if the mind receives conviction, it is, certainly, of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the ſenſes, it is conveyed. The impreſſions left on the imagination may, poſſibly, be thought leſs durable than the depoſits of memory, but it may very well admit of a queſtion, whether a concluſion of reaſon, or an impreſſion of imagination, will ſooneſt make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is moſt likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

This, however, muſt be allowed, that thoſe works approach the neareſt to perfection which unite theſe powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination, and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and ſtriking deſcription, the latter by a brief, but harmonious conveyance of precept: thus, while the heart is influenced through the operation

tion of the paſſions, or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwiſe have been tranſient, is ſecured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treaſures up in a ſhort aphoriſm the moral ſcene.

This is a good reaſon, and this, perhaps, is the only reaſon that can be given, why our dramatic performances ſhould generally end with a chain of couplets. In theſe the moral of the whole piece is uſually conveyed; and that aſſiſtance which the memory borrows from rhyme, as it was probably the original cauſe of it, gives it uſefulneſs and propriety even there.

After theſe apologies for the *deſcriptive* turn of the following odes, ſomething remains to be ſaid on the origin and uſe of *allegory* in poetical compoſition.

By this we are not to underſtand the trope in the ſchools, which is defined "aliud verbis, aliud ſenſu of-"tendere," and of which Quintilian ſays, "uſus eſt, "ut triſtia dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei "quædam contrariis ſignificemus, &c." It is not the verbal, but the ſentimental allegory, not allegorical expreſſion (which, indeed, might come under the term of *metaphor*) but allegorical imagery, that is here in queſtion.

When we endeavour to trace this ſpecies of figurative ſentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itſelf. It is generally agreed that the moſt ancient productions are poetical, and it is certain that the moſt ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If, then, it be allowed that the firſt literary produc-

tious were poetical, we ſhall have little or no difficulty in diſcovering the orgin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the tranſition from hieroglyphical to literal expreſſion, it is not to be wondered if the cuſtom of expreſſing ideas by perſonal images, which had ſo long prevailed, ſhould ſtill retain its influence on the mind, though the uſe of letters had rendered the practical application of it ſuperfluous. Thoſe who had been accuſtomed to expreſs ſtrength by the image of an elephant, ſwiftneſs by that of a panther, and courage by that of a lion, would make no ſcruple of ſubſtituting, in letters, the ſymbols for the ideas they had been uſed to repreſent.

Here we plainly ſee the origin of *allegorical expreſſion*, that it aroſe from the *aſhes* of hieroglyphics; and if to the ſame cauſe we ſhould refer that figurative boldneſs of ſtyle and imagery which diſtinguiſh the oriental writings, we ſhall, perhaps, conclude more juſtly than if we ſhould impute it to the ſuperior grandeur of eaſtern genius.

From the ſame ſource with the *verbal*, we are to derive the *ſentimental* allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical or ſymbolical expreſſion of the ſeveral agents in an action, or the different objects in a ſcene.

The latter moſt peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery; and in this ſpecies of allegory we include the imperſonation of paſſions, affections, virtues and vices, &c. on account of which, princi-

principally, the following odes were properly termed by their author, allegorical.

With reſpect to the utility of this figurative writing, the ſame arguments that have been advanced in favour of deſcriptive poetry, will be of weight likewiſe here. It is, indeed, from imperſonation, or, as it is commonly termed, perſonification, that poetical deſcription borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this, moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated, and even the ſcenery of material objects would be dull without the introduction of fictitious life.

Theſe obſervations will be moſt effectually illuſtrated by the ſublime and beautiful odes that occaſioned them; in thoſe it will appear how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by paſſing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE TO PITY.

"By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light!"

The propriety of invoking Pity through the mediation of Euripides is obvious.—That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender paſſions, and, therefore, could

not but ſtand in the higheſt eſteem with a writer of Mr. Collins's ſenſibility.—He did, indeed, admire him as much as Milton profeſſedly did, and probably for the ſame reaſon; but we do not find that he has copied him ſo cloſely as the laſt mentioned poet has ſometimes done, and particularly in the opening of Samſon-Agoniſtes, which is an evident imitation of the following paſſage in the Phœniſſæ.

Ηΐξ προπαροιθε, δυγατερ, ὡς τυφλῳ ποδὶ
Οφθαλμος ει συ, ναυβαταισιν ασρον ὡς
Δευρ' εις το λευρον πεδιον ιχνος τιθεισ' εμον,
Προβαινε.———— Act. III. Sc. I.

The "eyes of dewy light" is one of the happieſt ſtrokes of imagination, and may be ranked among thoſe expreſſions which

"—give us back the image of the mind."

"Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd with Pity's lute."

"There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head."

Suſſex, in which county the Arun is a ſmall river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway as well as to Collins: both theſe poets, unhappily, became the objects of that pity by which their writings are diſtinguiſhed. There was a ſimilitude in their genius and in their ſufferings. There was a reſemblance in the misfortunes and in the diſſipation of their lives; and the circumſtances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The

The thought of painting in the temple of Pity the hiſtory of human misfortunes, and of drawing the ſcenes from the tragic Muſe, is very happy, and in every reſpect worthy the imagination of Collins.

ODE TO FEAR.

Mr. Collins, who had often determined to apply himſelf to dramatic poetry, ſeems here, with the ſame view, to have addreſſed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence ſhe had given to the genius of Shakeſpeare:

"Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!"

In conſtruction of this nervous ode the author has ſhewn equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more ſtriking than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the meaſure in the fifth and ſixth verſes, when he feels the ſtrong influence of the power he invokes:

"Ah, Fear, ah, frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near."

The editor of theſe poems has met with nothing in the ſame ſpecies of poetry, either in his own, or in any other language, equal, in all reſpects, to the following deſcription of Danger:

"Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?

Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep."

It is impoſſible to contemplate the image conveyed in the two laſt verſes without thoſe emotions of terror it was intended to excite. It has, moreover, the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it, for there is too much originality in all the circumſtances, to ſuppoſe that the author had in his eye that deſcription of the penal ſituation of Catiline in the ninth Æneid:

" —— Te, Catilina, minaci
Pendentem ſcopulo"

The archetype of the Engliſh poet's idea was in nature, and probably to her alone he was indebted for the thought. From her, likewiſe, he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, diſplayed in the following lines:

" And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait."

That nutritive enthuſiaſm, which cheriſhes the ſeeds of poetry, and which is, indeed, the only ſoil wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A paſſion for whatever is greatly wild, or magnificent in the works of nature, ſeduces the imagination to attend to all that is extravagant, however unna-

unnatural. Milton was notoriouſly fond of high romance and Gothic *diableries*; and Collins, who in genius and enthuſiaſm bore no very diſtant reſemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the ſame attachments.

"Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true."

"On that thrice hallow'd eve, &c."

There is an old traditionary ſuperſtition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all ſuch perſons as ſhall die within the enſuing year, make their ſolemn entry into the churches of their reſpective pariſhes, as St. Patrick ſwam over the channel, without their heads.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

THE meaſure of the ancient ballad ſeems to have been made choice of for this ode, on account of the ſubject, and it has, indeed, an air of ſimplicity not altogether unaffecting:

"By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings ſlow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear."

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd ſtore, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of Hybla, alluding to the

the ſweetneſs and beauty of the Attic poetry, has the fineſt and the happieſt effect: yet, poſſibly, it will bear a queſtion, whether the ancient Greek tragedians had a general claim to ſimplicity in any thing more than the plans of their drama. Their language, at leaſt, was infinitely metaphorical; yet it muſt be owned that they juſtly copied nature and the paſſions, and ſo far, certainly, they were entitled to the palm of true ſimplicity: the following moſt beautiful ſpeech of Polynices, will be a monument of this ſo long as poetry ſhall laſt.

——— πολυδακρυς δ' αφικομην
Χρονιος ιδων μελαθρα, και βωμους θεων,
Γυμνασια θ' οισιν ενετραφην, Διρκης θ' υδωρ.
Ων ε δικαιως απελαθεις, ξενηι πολιν
Ναιω, δι' οσσων ομμ' εχων δακρυρροων.
Αλλ' (εκ γαρ αλγους αλγος) αυ σε δερκομαι,
Καρα ξυρηκες, και πεπλους μελαγχιμους
Εχουσαν. EURIP. Phœniſſ. ver. 369.

"But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne."

The poet cuts off the prevalence of ſimplicity among the Romans with the reign of Auguſtus, and indeed, it did not continue much longer, moſt of the compoſitions, after that date, giving into falſe and artificial ornament.

"No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceleſs numbers mean."

In theſe lines the writings of the Provençal poets are principally

principally alluded to, in which, ſimplicity is generally ſacrificed to the rhapſodies of romantic love.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul eſte profani!

THIS ode is ſo infinitely abſtracted and replete with high enthuſiaſm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the beauty of it, or of reliſhing its beauties. There is a ſtyle of ſentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the ſubject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the ſame account that abſtracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of ſuch poems muſt be content with the approbation of thoſe heaven-favoured geniuſes, who, by a ſimilarity of taſte and ſentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high myſteries of inſpired fancy, and to purſue the loftieſt flights of enthuſiaſtic imagination. Nevertheleſs, the praiſe of the diſtinguiſhed few is certainly preferable to the applauſe of the undiſcerning million; for all praiſe is valuable in proportion to the judgement of thoſe who confer it.

As the ſubject of this ode is uncommon, ſo are the ſtyle and expreſſion highly metaphorical and abſtracted; thus the ſun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of morn," the ideas are termed "the ſhadowy tribes of mind," &c. We are ſtruck with the propriety of this mode of expreſſion here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy that ſubſiſts between language and ſentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined than the creation

tion of the Ceſtus of Fancy in this ode: the allegorical imagery is rich and ſublime: and the obſervation that, the dangerous paſſions kept aloof, during the operation, is founded on the ſtricteſt philoſophical truth; for poetical fancy can exiſt only in minds that are perfectly ſerene, and in ſome meaſure abſtracted from the influences of ſenſe.

The ſcene of Milton's "inſpiring hour" is perfectly in character, and deſcribed with all thoſe wild-wood-appearances of which the great poet was ſo enthuſiaſtically fond:

"I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven, its native ſtrains could hear."

ODE. Written in the year 1746.

ODE TO MERCY.

THE Ode written in 1746, and the Ode to Mercy, ſeem to have been written on the ſame occaſion, viz. the late rebellion; the former in memory of thoſe heroes who fell in the defence of their country, the latter to excite ſentiments of compaſſion in favour of thoſe unhappy and deluded wretches who became a ſacrifice to public juſtice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the ſcene and figures deſcribed in the ſtrophe of the

Ode

Ode to Mercy are exquiſitely ſtriking, and would afford a painter one of the fineſt ſubjects in the world.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

THE ancient ſtates of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of liberty ever exiſted, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem.

" Who ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths, whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue."

There is ſomething extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly ſuperior to that deſcription Jocaſta gives us of the hair of Polynices.

Βοτρυχων τε κυανοχρωτα χαιτας
Πλοκαμων. ———

" What new Alceus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt, &c."

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus ſtill remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, who ſlew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby reſtored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here moſt nervouſly deſcribed in one line:

" With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell."

The thought ſeems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the ſtructure of the verſe is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet conſiders the influence it has retained, or ſtill retains among

among the moderns; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on account of loſing its liberty under thoſe patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the *jealous* Piſa, juſtly ſo called in reſpect to its long impatience and regret under the ſame yoke; and the *ſmall* Marino, which, however unreſpectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at leaſt, this diſtinction to boaſt, that it has preſerved its liberty longer than any other ſtate, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its preſent mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover the patron ſaint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deſerves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only ſaint that ever contributed to the eſtabliſhment of freedom.

" Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate."

In theſe lines the poet alludes to thoſe ravages in the ſtate of Genoa, occaſioned by the unhappy diviſions of the Guelphs and Gibelines.

" —— When the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice."

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in theſe verſes, ſee Voltaire's Epiſtle to the King of Pruſſia.

" Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd!"

The Flemings were ſo dreadfully oppreſſed by this ſanguinary general of Philip the Second, that they offered their ſovereignty to Elizabeth, but, happily for her ſubjects, ſhe had policy and magnanimity enough to refuſe

refuſe it. Deſormeaux, in his Abrégé Chronologique de l'Hiſtoire d'Eſpagne, thus deſcribes the ſufferings of the Flemings: "Le Duc d'Albe achevoit de ré-"duire les Flamands au déſeſpoir. Après avoir inondé "les echafauts du ſang le plus noble et le plus précieux, "il faiſoit conſtruire des citadelles en divers endroits, "et vouloit établir l'Alcavala, ce tribute onéreux qui "avoit été longtems en uſage parmi les Eſpagnols." Agreg. Chron. Tom. IV.

"——— Mona,
Where thouſand elfin ſhapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Iſle of Angleſey, anciently ſo famous for its Druids; but ſometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Iſle of Man. Both thoſe iſles ſtill retain much of the genius of ſuperſtition, and are now the only places where there is the leaſt chance of finding a fairy.

O D E,

To a Lady, on the Death of Colonel Charles Roſs, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written May, 1745.

THE iambic kind of numbers in which this ode is conceived, ſeems as well calculated for tender and plaintive ſubjects, as for thoſe where ſtrength or rapidity is required.—This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition of the ſtrain in the ſame ſtanza; for ſorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needleſs

needleſs to obſerve that this ode is replete with harmony, ſpirit, and pathos; and there, ſurely, appears no reaſon why the ſeventh and eighth ſtanzas ſhould be omitted in that copy printed in Dodſley's Collection of Poems.

ODE TO EVENING.

THE blank ode has for ſome time ſolicited admiſſion into the Engliſh poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, ſeem to have been vain, at leaſt its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a queſtion, then, whether there is not ſomething in the nature of blank verſe leſs adapted to the lyric than to the heroic meaſure, ſince, though it has been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to diſcover this, we are to conſider the different modes of theſe different ſpecies of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in theſe circumſtances of uniformity and variety, probably, lies the cauſe why blank verſe has been ſucceſsful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it preſented itſelf only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by cuſtom; but where it was obliged to aſſume the different ſhapes of the lyric Muſe, it ſeemed ſtill a ſtranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curioſity than pleaſure, and entertained without that eaſe, or ſatisfaction, which acquaintance and familiarity produce—Moreover, the heroic blank verſe obtained a ſanction of infinite importance to its general reception, when it was adopted by one of the greateſt poets the world ever produced,

duced, and was made the vehicle of the nobleſt poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applauſe which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the verſification ſoon found its imitators, and became more generally ſucceſsful than even in thoſe countries from whence is was imported. But lyric blank verſe had met with no ſuch advantages; for Mr. Collins, whoſe genius and judgement in harmony might have given it ſo powerful an effect, hath left us but one ſpecimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his meaſure he ſeems to have had in his eye Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the neareſt reſemblance to that mixt kind of the aſclepiad and pherecratic verſe; and that reſemblance in ſome degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of thoſe great maſters of antiquity, whoſe works had no need of this whimſical jingle of ſounds.

From the following paſſage one might be induced to think that the poet had it in view to render his ſubject and his verſification ſuitable to each other on this occaſion, and that, when he addreſſed himſelf to the ſober power of Evening, he had thought proper to lay aſide the foppery of rhyme;

" Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,
Whoſe numbers, ſtealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!"

But whatever were the numbers, or the veſification of

this ode, the imagery and enthuſiaſm it contains could not fail of rendering it delightful. No other of Mr. Collins's odes is more generally characteriſtic of his genius. In one place we diſcover his paſſion for viſionary beings:

" For when thy folding-ſtar ariſing ſhows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who ſlept in buds the day,
And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhening dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car."

In another we behold his ſtrong bias to melancholy:

" Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more aweful nod
By thy religious gleams."

Then appears his taſte for what is wildly grand and magnificent in nature; when, prevented by ſtorms from enjoying his evening walk, he wiſhes for a ſituation,

" That from the mountain's ſides,
Views wild and ſwelling floods;"

And, through the whole, his invariable attachment to the expreſſion of painting:

" —— and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil."

It

It might be a ſufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to obſerve, that it has been particularly admired by a lady to whom nature has given the moſt perfect principles of taſte. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it, a circumſtance by no means unfavourable to the cauſe of lyric blank verſe; for ſurely, if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the maſculine genius may diſpenſe with them.

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FROM the ſubject and ſentiments of this ode, it ſeems not improbable that the author wrote it about the time when he left the Univerſity; when, weary with the purſuit of academical ſtudies, he no longer confined himſelf to the ſearch of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the ſcholar of humanity, to ſtudy nature in her works, and man in ſociety.

The following farewell to ſcience exhibits a very juſt as well as ſtriking picture; for however exalted in theory the Platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that Platoniſm and Pyrrhoniſm are allied:

"Farewell the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy dreſt,
Comes like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade!"

When the mind goes in purſuit of viſionary ſyſtems, it is not far from the regions of doubt; and the greater its

capacity to think abſtractedly, to reaſon and refine, the more it will be expoſed to, and bewildered in, uncertainty. —From an enthuſiaſtic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to perſiſt in ſome favourite doctrine, or to adhere to ſome adopted ſyſtem; but when that enthuſiaſm, which is founded on the vivacity of the paſſions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it ſupported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhoſpitable ſhore of doubt.—A ſtriking proof of the neceſſity of ſome moral rule of wiſdom and virtue, and ſome ſyſtem of happineſs eſtabliſhed by unerring knowledge and unlimited power.

In the poet's addreſs to Humour in this ode, there is one image of ſingular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the hair of Wit are of ſuch a nature, and diſpoſed in ſuch a manner, as to be perfectly ſymbolical and characteriſtic:

" Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide."

Nothing could be more expreſſive of wit, which conſiſts in a happy colliſion of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of light from the diſpoſition of the jewels.

" O Humour, thou whoſe name is known
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone."

The author could only mean to apply this to the time

when he wrote, ſince other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himſelf acknowledges afterwards.

" By old Miletus, &c.
By all you taught the Tuſcan maids, &c."

The Mileſian and Tuſcan romances were by no means diſtinguiſhed for humour; but as they were the models of that ſpecies of writing in which humour was afterwards employed, they are, probably for that reaſon only mentioned here.

The PASSIONS. An ODE for Muſic.

IF the muſic which was compoſed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itſelf, it muſt have been the moſt excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and muſic have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the ſame nature have derived their greateſt reputation from the perfection of the muſic that accompanied them, having in themſelves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad: but in this we have the whole ſoul and power of poetry—Expreſſion that, even without the aid of muſic, ſtrikes to the heart; and imagery of power enough to tranſport the attention, without the forceful alliance of correſponding ſounds! what, then, muſt have been the effects of theſe united!

It is very obſervable that though the meaſure is the ſame, in which the muſical efforts of fear, anger, and deſpair, are deſcribed, yet by the variation of the cadence, the character and operation of each is ſtrongly expreſſed: thus particularly of Deſpair:

" With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair—
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild."

He muſt be a very unſkilful compoſer who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from theſe lines!

The picture of Hope that follows this is beautiful almoſt beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces that pleaſure and fancy have appropriated to her.

Relegat, qui ſemel percurrit;
Qui nunquam legit, legat.

" But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure!
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill through all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

In what an exalted light does the above ſtanza place this great maſter of poetical imagery and harmony! what varied ſweetneſs of numbers! what delicacy of judgement and expreſſion! how characteriſtically does Hope prolong her ſtrain, repeat her ſoothing cloſes, call upon her aſſociate Echo for the ſame purpoſes, and diſplay every pleaſing grace peculiar to her!

" And

"And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

Legat, qui nunquam legit;
Qui ſemel percurrit, relegat.

The deſcriptions of Joy, Jealouſy, and Revenge, are excellent; though not equally ſo; thoſe of Melancholy and Chearfulneſs are ſuperior to every thing of the kind; and, upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in aſſerting that this is the fineſt ode in the Engliſh language.

AN EPISTLE

To Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakeſpeare's Works.

THIS poem was written by our author at the univerſity, about the time when Sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakeſpeare was printed at Oxford. If it has not ſo much merit as the reſt of his poems, it has ſtill more than the ſubject deſerves. The verſification is eaſy and genteel, and the alluſions always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher in particular is very juſtly drawn in this epiſtle.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

ODE on the Death of Mr. THOMSON.

Mr. Collins had *ſkill to complain.* Of that mournful melody, and thoſe tender images, which are the diſtin-

guiſhing excellencies of ſuch pieces as bewail departed friendſhip, or beauty, he was an almoſt unequalled maſter. He knew perfectly to exhibit ſuch circumſtances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity; and while, from his own great ſenſibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addreſſed himſelf to the feelings of others.

To read ſuch lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without correſponding emotions of pity, is ſurely impoſſible:

" The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell,
Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'till Pity's ſelf be dead."

The Ode on the Death of Thomſon ſeems to have been written in an excurſion to Richmond by water. The rural ſcenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet, much of whoſe merit lay in deſcriptions of the ſame kind, and the appellations of " Druid," and " meek Nature's child," are happily characteriſtic. For the better underſtanding of this ode, it is neceſſary to remember, that Mr. Thomſon lies buried in the church of Richmond.

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END OF COLLINS'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN DYER.

THE POEMS OF JOHN DYER.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come, with all thy various dues,
Come, and aid thy ſiſter Muſe;
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!
Grongar Hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſkip bright and ſtrong;
Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells,
Sweetly muſing, Quiet dwells;

Grongar,

Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft I have, the evening ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And viſtoes ſhooting beams of day:
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale;
As circles on a ſmooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe:
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landſkip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open ſcene,
Does the face of Nature ſhow,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow!

And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.
Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly towering in the ſkies!
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew,
The ſlender fir, that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak with broad-ſpread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, Queen of Love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an aweful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the poiſonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of Fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun-beam in a winter's-day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And ſee the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun,
Sometimes ſwift, ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endleſs ſleep!
Thus is Nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wandering thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſkip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;

The

The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky!
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the ſhady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glaſs;
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way,
The preſent 's ſtill a cloudy day.
O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee:
Content me with an humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid;
For, while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air,
And miſers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſic fill the ſky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your ſkill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the domes of care!
Graſs and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleaſure, cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE

THE
RUINS OF ROME.

« Aſpice murorum moles, præruptaque ſaxa,
« Obrutaque horrenti veſta theatra ſitu :
« Hæc ſunt Roma. Viden' velut ipſa cadavera tantæ
« Urbis adhuc ſpirent imperioſa minas ?"

JANUS VITALIS.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the ſhady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt
I ſing inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in ſtone remains
Of proud antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond
The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruſcan hills,
To Latium's wide Champain, forlorn and waſte,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muſe,
Yet once again, and ſoar a loftier flight;
Lo the reſiſtleſs theme, imperial Rome.
Fall'n, fall'n, a ſilent heap; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n; obſcur'd in duſt;
Ev'n yet majeſtical: the ſolemn ſcene
Elates the ſoul, while now the riſing Sun

Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vaſt circumference;
Rent palaces, cruſh'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.
Deep lies in duſt the Theban obeliſk
Immenſe along the waſte; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, ſubtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as th' immenſe Leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's ſhore
Out-ſtretch'd, unwieldy, his iſland length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globoſe and huge,
Grey-mouldering temples ſwell, and wide o'ercaſt
The ſolitary landſcape, hills and woods,
And boundleſs wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardleſs they
Of hourly peril, though the clifted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraiſon hears
Aghaſt the voice of time, diſparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down-daſh'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the Moon;
While murmurs ſooth each aweful interval
Of ever-falling waters; ſhrouded Nile *,
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates; they with dropping locks,
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their ſtreams.

* Fountains at Rome adorned with the ſtatues of thoſe rivers.

Yet

Yet here, adventurous in the ſacred ſearch
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modeſt, from all climes reſort.
Grateful ſociety! with theſe I raiſe
The toilſome ſtep up the proud Palatin,
Through ſpiry cypreſs groves, and towering pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,
On numerous arches rear'd: and frequent ſtopp'd,
The ſunk ground ſtartles me with dreadful chaſm,
Breathing forth darkneſs from the vaſt profound
Of iſles and halls, within the mountain's womb.
Nor theſe the nether works; all theſe beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd ſewers, maſſy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beſide the dead
Lake of Avernus; ſuch the ſewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows laſh their vaults,
And thunder; how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now inceſſant time has roll'd around
A thouſand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thouſand ſince, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and daſh and ſwell,
In vain; convey'd to Tiber's loweſt wave.
Hence over airy plains, by cryſtal founts,
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapſe,
Among the ſleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flowery vein
Of orient jaſper, pleas'd I move along,

And vaſes boſs'd, and huge inſcriptive ſtones,
And intermingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,
Flora's and Chloe's of delicious mould,
Chearing the darkneſs; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mouldering ſhrines, with old decay
Ruſtic and green, and wide-embowering ſhades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers.
A ſolemn wilderneſs! with error ſweet,
I wind the lingering ſtep, where-e'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er ſculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guiſe, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monſtrous ſhapes! prepoſterous Gods,
Of Fear and Ignorance, by the ſculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worſhipp'd; as ev'n now
Blindly they worſhip at their breathleſs mouths *
In varied appellations: men to theſe
(From deep to depth in darkening error fall'n)
At length aſcrib'd th' Inapplicable Name.
How doth it pleaſe and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Hiſtoric urns and breathing ſtatues riſe,
And ſpeaking buſts! Sweet Scipio, Marius ſtern,
Pompey ſuperb, the ſpirit-ſtirring form
Of Cæſar raptur'd with the charm of rule
And boundleſs fame; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcaſt, he ſoars in thought

* Several ſtatues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of ſaints.

Above

Above all height: and his own Brutus ſee,
Deſponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
In evil days, of faith, of public weal,
Solicitous and ſad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude; unprais'd,
His out-ſtretch'd arm he waves, in act to ſpeak
Before the ſilent maſters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war
The pious brothers; jealous Alba ſtands
In fearful expectation of the ſtrife,
And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in ſilent tears;
In ſorrowful benevolence embrace—
Howe'er, they ſoon unſheath the flaſhing ſword,
Their country calls to arms; now all in vain
The mother claſps the knee, and ev'n the fair
Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rouz'd;
Such were the Fabii, Decii; ſo inſpir'd,
The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi ſpoke:
So roſe the Roman ſtate. Me now, of theſe
Deep-muſing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to ſerve my country, diſtant land,
And build me virtuous fame; nor ſhall the duſt
Of theſe fall'n piles with ſhew of ſad decay
Avert the good reſolve, mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow

We gain enraptur'd; beauteouſly diſtinct *
The numerous porticos and domes upſwell,
With obeliſks and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak: ſo fair a ſcene
Sees not the derviſe from the ſpiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Ægyptian plain:
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath.
Along the windings of the Muſe's ſtream,
Lucid Ilyſſus weeps her ſilent ſchools,
And groves, unviſited by bard or ſage.
Amid the towery ruins, huge, ſupreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whoſe capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
While from the central floor the ſeats aſcend
Round above round, ſlow-widening to the verge
A circuit vaſt and high; nor leſs had held
Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
When drunk with rule ſhe will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-ruſh'd
Before th' innumerable ſhouting crowd
The fiery, madded, tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
And deſperate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converſe with familiar death,

* From the Palatin hill one ſees moſt of the remarkable antiquities.

To

To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breaſt, and ſteal th' obdurate heart
Amid the piercing cries of ſore diſtreſs
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
Behold yon ſteepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that, rever'd *
In ancient days, the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cærulean ruſt.
The fane was Jove's, its ſpacious golden roof,
O'er thick-ſurrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round ſun aſcends; and tower'd aloft,
Suſtain'd by columns huge, innumerous
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Darkening their idols, when Aſtarte lur'd
Too-proſperous Iſrael from his living ſtrength.
And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
Majeſtic emblem; with peculiar grace
Before its ample orb, projected ſtands
The many-pillar'd portal: nobleſt work
Of human ſkill: here, curious architect,
If thou eſſay'ſt, ambitious, to ſurpaſs
Palladius, Angelus, or Britiſh Jones,
On theſe fair walls extend the certain ſcale,
And turn th' inſtructive compaſs: careful mark

* The Capitol.

How

How far in hidden art, the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing ſculpture: nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows ſuſtain: fair Corinth firſt
Boaſted their order, which Callimachus
(Reclining ſtudious on Aſopus' banks
Beneath an urn of ſome lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd, the chapiter inform'd.
See the tall obeliſks from Memphis old,
One ſtone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
Like Albion's ſpires they ruſh into the ſkies.
And there the temple, where the ſummon'd ſtate *
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Perſuaſion pours, ambition ſinks her creſt;
And lo the villain, like a troubled ſea,
That toſſes up her mire! Ever diſguis'd,
Shall treaſon walk? ſhall proud oppreſſion yoke
The neck of virtue? Lo the wretch, abaſh'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty,
Parent of happineſs, celeſtial-born;
When the firſt man became a living ſoul,
His ſacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
With her ſecure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;

* The Temple of Concord, where the ſenate met on Catiline's conſpiracy.

Thence

Thence bleſs mankind ; while yet among her ſons,
Ev'n yet there are, to ſhield thine equal laws,
Whoſe boſoms kindle at the ſacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walſingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs;
In maſque and dance excel ; to ſculptur'd ſtone
Give with ſuperior ſkill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil ſoft
With warmer touch the viſionary board:
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule ;
To check the ravage of tyrannic ſway ;
To quell the proud; to ſpread the joys of peace,
And various bleſſings of ingenious trade.
Be theſe our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.
Ineſtimable good! who giv'ſt us Truth,
Whoſe hand upleads to light, divineſt Truth,
Array'd in every charm : whoſe hand benign
Teaches unwearied toil to cloath the fields,
And on his various fruits inſcribes the name
Of Property : O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majeſtic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,
Whoſe numerous towns and iſles, and peopled ſeas,
Rejoic'd around her lyre ; th' heroic note
(Smit with ſublime delight) Auſonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her towery battlements in ſtrength ;
Bent her wide bridges o'er the ſwelling ſtream

Of

Of Tuſcan Tiber; thine thoſe ſolemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer;
And thine thoſe piles * undeck'd, capacious, vaſt,
In days of dearth where tender Charity
Diſpens'd her timely ſuccours to the poor.
Thine too thoſe muſically-falling founts,
To ſlake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Muſical ever; while from yon blue hills,
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The ſpacious deſert, brightening in the ſun,
Proud and more proud in their auguſt approach:
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the ſoft whiſpering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their ſilver ſtreams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murmuring falls,
Muſical ever. Theſe thy beauteous works:
And what beſide felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the reſt;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to riſe,
When impious tyranny vouchſaf'd to ſmile.
Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome †
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars:
There to their daily ſports the noble youth
Ruſh'd emulous; to fling the pointed lance;

* The public granaries.

† Modern Rome ſtands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

To

To vault the ſteed; or with the kindling wheel
In duſty whirlwinds ſweep the trembling goal;
Or wreſtling, cope with adverſe ſwelling breaſts,
Strong grappling arms, cloſe heads, and diſtant feet;
Or claſh the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the boſſy piles,
The proud triumphal arches; all their wars,
Their conqueſts, honours, in the ſculptures live.
And ſee from every gate thoſe ancient roads,
With tombs high verg'd, the ſolemn paths of Fame:
Deſerve they not regard? O'er whoſe broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, ſo many ſtorms of war;
So many pomps; ſo many wondering realms:
Yet ſtill through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,
In even ſtate, to diſtant ſeas around,
They ſtretch their pavements. Lo, the fane of Peace,
Built by that prince, who to the truſt of power *
Was honeſt, the delight of human-kind.
Three nodding iſles remain; the reſt an heap
Of ſand and weeds; her ſhrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her ſpacious floor,
As from a ſhining ſea, majeſtic roſe
An hundred foot aloft, like ſtately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glaſſy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's ſacred ſpoils; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd entomb'd
By the ſunk roof.—O'er which in diſtant view

* Begun by Veſpaſian, and finiſhed by Titus.

Th'

Th' Etruſcan mountains ſwell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte ſpires,
Wrapping his ſides in tempeſts. Eaſtward hence,
Nigh where the Ceſtian pyramid divides *
The mouldering wall, beyond yon fabrick huge,
Whoſe duſt the ſolemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken ſculptures caſt abroad,
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The ſtately pines, that ſpread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls, †
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in compariſon, minute and vile.

Theſe, and unnumber'd, yet their brows upliſt,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged ſides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches ſcatter'd round,
After the tempeſt; Mauſoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whoſe low baſe the ſculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough ſteep,
Its hero to the ſkies: and his dark tower ‡
Whoſe execrable hand the city fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,

* The tomb of Ceſtius, partly within and partly without the walls.

† The baths of Caracalla, a vaſt ruin.

‡ Nero's.

Play'd

Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome; *
And the rough reliques of Carinæ's ſtreet,
Where now the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erſt
There pip'd the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep,
When th' humble roof Anchiſes' ſon explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-deſpiſing king,
Amid the thickets: ſo revolves the ſcene;
So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From duſt again to duſt. Behold that heap
Of mouldering urns (their aſhes blown away,
Duſt of the mighty) the ſame ſtory tell;
And at its baſe, from whence the ſerpent glides
Down the green deſert ſtreet, yon hoary monk
Laments the ſame, the viſion as he views,
The ſolitary, ſilent, ſolemn ſcene,
Where Cæſars, heroes, peaſants, hermits lie,
Blended in duſt together; where the ſlave
Reſts from his labours; where th' inſulting proud
Reſigns his power; the miſer drops his hoard;
Where human folly ſleeps.—There is a mood,
(I ſing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the ſoul, and points her to the ſkies;
When tribulation cloaths the child of man,
When age deſcends with ſorrow to the grave,
'Tis ſweetly-ſoothing ſympathy to pain,
A gently-wakening call to health and eaſe.

* The Palatin library.

How

How muſical! when all-devouring Time,
Here ſitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempeſts ſweep his various lyre,
How ſweet thy diapaſon, Melancholy!
Cool evening comes; the ſetting ſun diſplays
His viſible great round between yon towers,
As through two ſhady cliffs; away, my Muſe,
Though yet the proſpect pleaſes, ever new
In vaſt variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd ſculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and every realm and ſtate
With Rome's auguſt remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miſs we not th' innumerable thefts,
Yet ſtill profuſe of graces teems the waſte.
Suffice it now th' Eſquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and ſeek the ſacred reſts
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little ſun-gilt heap,
Groteſque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof: the gourd and olive fan
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple cluſters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleaſing fancy ſooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
Fram'd the celeſtial ſong, or ſocial walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:

Happy

Happy Auguſtus! who ſo well inſpir'd
Could'ſt throw thy pomps and royalties aſide,
Attentive to the wiſe, the great of ſoul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auſpicious to the Muſes! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or ſecret ſhade,
Or open mountain, or whatever ſcene
The Poet choſe, to tune th' ennobling rhime
Melodious; ev'n the rugged ſons of war,
Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the Poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours—
Yet will the Muſe a little longer ſoar,
Unleſs the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since nature's ſtores are ſhut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; ſince in vain
The thirſty pilgrim at the fountain aſks
Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint diſdain.—
See'ſt thou yon fane? ev'n now inceſſant time *
Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the duſt;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the ſmall rotund.
'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſwains with reverend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Preſſing the teat within a monſter's graſp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her ſtretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs;
So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell ſavage fed

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under Mount Palatin.

Your ſacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conqueſts, glories, of th' Auſonian ſtate,
Wrap'd in their ſecret ſeeds. Each kindred ſoul,
Robuſt and ſtout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots ariſe,
Green twigs of oſier weave the ſlender walls,
Green ruſhes ſpread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruſcan Tiber views
Her ſpreading ſcenes enameling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gathering ſwains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majeſtic train.
Her ſpeedy growth alarm'd the ſtates around,
Jealous; yet, ſoon by wondrous virtue won,
They ſink into her boſom. From the plough
Roſe her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no houſhold ſtate,
The public only ſwell'd the generous breaſt.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes ſung?
Dentatus' ſcars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius ſav'd the capitol? the choice
Of ſteady Regulus? As yet they ſtood,
Simple of life; as yet ſeducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and ſhame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
Along the flowery vallies? They, content,
Feaſted at nature's hand, indelicate,

Blithe,

Blithe, in their eaſy taſte ; and only ſought
To know their duties; that their only ſtrife,
Their generous ſtrife, and greatly to perform.
They through all ſhapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickeſt death
To ſnatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thraſymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntleſs courage ; ſtorming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
The Thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punick ſhores ; till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious ſpoils : alas, proſperity !
Ah, baneful ſtate ! yet ebb'd not all their ſtrength
In ſoft luxurious pleaſures ; proud deſire
Of boundleſs ſway, and feveriſh thirſt of gold,
Rouz'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her ruſty ſhield ; nor could avail
The ſword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd Britiſh chief,
Which ſeven brave years beneath the doubtleſs wing
Of victory, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war : the Roman arms
Triumph'd, till Fame was ſilent to their foes.
And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud ſecurity : the creſted helm,
The plated greave and corſelet hung unbrac'd ;
Nor clank'd their arms, the ſpear and ſounding ſhield,
But on the glittering trophy to the wind.

Diſſolv'd in eaſe and ſoft delights they lie,
Till every ſun annoys, and every wind
Has chilling force, and every rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with ſtrength
Maſculine, nor in luſtineſs of heart
Laughs at the winter ſtorm, and ſummer-beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling: flowery bowers they ſeek
(As æther prompts, as the ſick ſenſe approves)
Or cool Nymphean grots; or tepid baths
(Taught by the ſoft Ionians) they, along
The lawny vale, of every beauteous ſtone,
Pile in the roſeat air with fond expence:
Through ſilver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on ſilver beds cryſtalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while luxury
Over their naked limbs with wanton hand,
Sheds roſes, odours, ſheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of voluptuouſneſs, cry out aloud
Neceſſity, and ſeek the ſplendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboſs'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of ſeeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rareſt acquiſition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high teſtaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines with incenſe fum'd
To ſlake Patrician thirſt; for theſe, their rights

In

In the vile ſtreets they proſtitute to ſale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the market throngs.
But who has moſt by fraud or force amaſs'd?
Who moſt can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the ſtate; and lo!
Didius, vile uſurer, though the crowd he mounts *,
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his graſp uncouth.
O Britons, O my countrymen, beware;
Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant ſtate,
And with licentious pleaſures fed the rout,
The thoughtleſs many: to the wanton ſound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the ſhade
Sung Cæſar, great and terrible in war,
Immortal Cæſar! Lo, a God, a God,
He cleaves the yielding ſkies! Cæſar meanwhile
Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd purſues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; taſtes, diſlikes, and flings
To dogs and ſycophants. A God, a God!
The flowery ſhades and ſhrines obſcene return.
But ſee along the North the tempeſts ſwell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their ſnows;

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Ruſh as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villas; down the feſtive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the ſtorm in clouds of duſt.
Vain end of human ſtrength, of human ſkill,
Conqueſt, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And eaſe, and luxury! O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent ſtates,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the ſoft entrance of thy roſy cave
How doſt thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulph where Aſher lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boaſting Cham;
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous Greece;
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

THE

THE FLEECE: A POEM. IN FOUR BOOKS.

"Poſt majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris ſecunda ratio
"eſt, quæ prima ſit, ſi ad utilitatis magnitudinem
"referas: nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris vio-
"lentiam protegit, corporibuſque noſtris liberaliora
"præbet velamina."

COLUMELLA.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

THE ſubject propoſed. Dedicatory addreſs. Of paſtures in general, fit for ſheep: for fine-wool'd ſheep: for long-wool'd ſheep. Defects of paſtures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moiſture of the Engliſh climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England Different kinds of Engliſh ſheep: the two common ſorts of rams deſcribed. Different kinds of foreign ſheep. The ſeveral ſorts of food. The diſtempers ariſing from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by inſtinct to their proper food and phyſic. Of the ſhepherd's ſcrip, and its furniture. Care of ſheep in tupping-time. Of the caſtration of lambs, and the folding of ſheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and ſeaſons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and ſecurity of the Engliſh ſhepherd above thoſe in hotter or colder climates; exemplified with reſpect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of ſheep-ſhearing. Song on that occaſion. Cuſtom in Wales of ſprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-ſhearing feaſt and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

THE

THE care of ſheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I ſing. Ye rural nymphs,
Ye ſwains, and princely merchants, aid the verſe.
And ye, high-truſted guardians of our iſle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth
To the great charge aſſigns: ye good, of all
Degrees, all ſects, be preſent to my ſong.
So may diſtreſs, and wretchedneſs, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of reſtleſs Gaul
From our ſtrong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly Thou,
The people's ſhepherd, eminently plac'd
Over the numerous ſwains of every vale,
With well-permitted power, and watchful eye,
On each gay field to ſhed beneficence,
Celeſtial office! Thou protect the ſong.

On ſpacious airy downs, and gentle hills,
With graſs and thyme o'erſpread, and clover wild,
Where ſmiling Phœbus tempers every breeze,
The faireſt flocks rejoice! they, nor of halt,
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain;
Evils deform'd and foul: nor with hoarſe cough
Diſturb the muſic of the paſtoral pipe;
But, crouding to the note, with ſilence ſoft
The cloſe-woven carpet graze; where Nature blends
Flowrets and herbage of minuteſt ſize,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are Health's gay walks to ſhepherd and to ſheep.

All

All arid ſoils, with ſand, or chalky flint,
Or ſhells deluvian mingled; and the turf,
That mantles over rocks of brittle ſtone,
Be thy regard: and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berry'd juniper ariſe;
Or the tall growth of gloſſy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the duſt;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.
Such are the downs of Banſtead, edg'd with woods,
And towery villas; ſuch Dorceſtrian fields,
Whoſe flocks innumerous whiten all the land:
Such thoſe ſlow-climbing wilds, that lead the ſtep
Inſenſibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and ſuch the clover'd lawns
And ſunny mounts of beauteous Normanton*,
Health's chearful haunt, and the ſelected walk
Of Heathcote's leiſure: ſuch the ſpacious plain
Of Sarum, ſpread like Ocean's boundleſs round,
Where ſolitary Stonehenge, grey with moſs,
Ruin of ages, nods: ſuch too the leas
And ruddy tilth, which ſpiry Roſs beholds,
From a green hilloc, o'er her lofty elms;
And Lemſter's brooky tract, and airy Croft †;
And ſuch Harleian Eywood's ‡ ſwelling turf,
Wav'd as the billows of a rolling ſea:

* A ſeat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandſhire.
† A ſeat of Sir Archer Croft.
‡ Of the Earl of Oxford.

And

And Shobden *, for its lofty terrace fam'd,
Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods
And girt with all Siluria †, ſees around
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
Pleaſant Siluria, land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves
Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the ſides
Of treacherous Falernum ‡; or that hill
Veſuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus roſe,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.
But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leiceſtrian fleeces, what the ſinewy arm
Combs through the ſpiky ſteel in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich ſaponaceous loam, that ſlowly drinks
The blackening ſhower, and fattens with the draught,
Or marle with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one conſiſtence, one complexion, ſpread
Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To looſe the creeping waters from their ſprings,
Tainting the paſturage: and let thy fields

* A ſeat of Lord Bateman.

† Siluria, the part of England which lies weſt of the Severn, viz. Herefordſhire, Monmouthſhire, &c.

‡ Treacherous Falernum, becauſe part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.

In

In ſlopes deſcend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and haſten to the brooks.
Yet ſome defect in all on earth appears;
All ſeek for help, all preſs for ſocial aid.
Too cold the graſſy mantle of the marl,
In ſtormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent ſheep; from broken ſlumber oft
They riſe benumb'd, and vainly ſhift the couch;
Their waſted ſides their evil plight declare.
Hence, tender in his care, the ſhepherd ſwain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet diſtance from the upland ridge,
To ſink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent ſand, with lime, and dark manure;
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a paſſage to the foe.
Plough not ſuch paſtures: deep in ſpungy graſs
The oldeſt carpet is the warmeſt lair,
And ſoundeſt; in new herbage coughs are heard.
Nor love too frequent ſhelter: ſuch as decks
The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide,
By the blue ſteeps of diſtant Malvern * wall'd
Solemnly vaſt. The trees of various ſhade,
Scene behind ſcene, with fair deluſive pomp
Enrich the proſpect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly bramble, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiſs
Dimetians †, who, along their moſſy dales,

* Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worceſter.
† Dimetia, Caermarthenſhire in South Wales.

Con-

Conſume, like graſshoppers, the ſummer hour;
While round them ſtubborn thorns and furze increaſe,
And creeping briars. I knew a careful ſwain,
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and ſpread
Their duſt ſaline upon the deepening graſs:
And oft with labor-ſtrengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench acroſs his verdant ſlopes,
To intercept the ſmall meandring rills
Of upper hamlets: haughty trees, that ſour
The ſhaded graſs, that weaken thorn-ſet mounds,
And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd:
Only a ſlender tuft of uſeful aſh,
And mingled beech and elm, ſecurely tall,
The little ſmiling cottage warm embower'd;
The little ſmiling cottage, where at eve
He meets his roſy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honeſt wife,
With good brown cake and bacon ſlice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard,
Nor only ſoil, there alſo muſt be found
Felicity of clime, and aſpect bland,
Where gentle ſheep may nouriſh locks of price.
In vain the ſilken fleece on windy brows,
And northern ſlopes of cloud-dividing hills
Is ſought, though ſoft Iberia ſpreads her lap
Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
Biſcaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
And dark Norwegian, with their choiceſt fields,
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they ſhun

Libya's

Libya's hot plains: what taſte have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow duſt of gold? no more
Food to the flock, than to the miſer wealth,
Who kneels upon the glittering heap, and ſtarves.
Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the ſhining fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Baſely from Albion, by th' enſnaring bribe,
The bait of avarice, which, with felon fraud,
For its own wanton mouth, from thouſands ſteals.
How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
Or fond deſire! Thoſe ſlow-deſcending ſhowers,
Thoſe hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate), are gifts the Pleiads ſhed,
Britannia's handmaids. As the beverage falls,
Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and ſing.
Hail, noble Albion; where no golden mines,
No ſoft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whoſe ſtern cerulean brows
White-winged ſnow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with ſolemn majeſty:
Rich Queen of Miſts and Vapours! Theſe thy ſons
With their cool arms compreſs; and twiſt their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henrys, Churchills, Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, roſe.
See the ſun gleams; the living paſtures riſe,
After the nurture of the fallen ſhower,

How

How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike ſteeds, ſuch herds of kine,
So ſleek, ſo vaſt; ſuch ſpacious flocks of ſheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradiſe adorn but thine,
Britannia? happy, if thy ſons would know
Their happineſs. To theſe thy naval ſtreams,
Thy frequent towns ſuperb of buſy trade,
And ports magnific add, and ſtately ſhips,
Innumerous. But whither ſtrays my Muſe?
Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the ſtrand
Arriv'd of bright Auguſta: wild he roves,
From deck to deck, through groves immenſe of maſts;
'Mong crouds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;
Through wharfs, and ſquares, and palaces, and domes,
In ſweet ſurprize; unable yet to fix
His raptur'd mind, or ſcan in order'd courſe
Each object ſingly; with diſcoveries new
His native country ſtudious to enrich.

Ye ſhepherds, if your labours hope ſucceſs,
Be firſt your purpoſe to procure a breed,
To ſoil and clime adapted. Every ſoil
And clime, ev'n every tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each,
The Great Inviſible, and each to all,
Through earth, and ſea, and air, harmonious ſuits.
Tempeſtuous regions, Darwent's * naked peaks,

* Darwent's naked peaks, the peaks of Derbyſhire.

Snowden

Snowdon * and blue Plynlymmon *, and the wide
Aërial ſides of Cader-yddris * huge;
Theſe are beſtow'd on goat-horn'd ſheep, of fleece
Hairy and coarſe, of long and nimble ſhank,
Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
Alternate, to collect, with due diſpatch,
O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-ſcatter'd meal.
But hills of milder aïr, that gently riſe
O'er dewy dales, a fairer ſpecies boaſt,
Of ſhorter limb, and frontlet more ornate;
Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
Near Cotſwold downs, or the delicious groves
Of Symmonds, honour'd through the ſandy ſoil
Of elmy Roſs †, or Devon's myrtle vales,
That drink clear rivers near the glaſſy ſea;
Regard this ſort, and hence thy ſire of lambs
Select: his tawny fleece in ringlets curls;
Long ſwings his ſlender tail; his front is fenc'd
With horns Ammonian, circulating twice
Around each open ear, like thoſe fair ſcrolls
That grace the columns of th' Iönic dome.
Yet ſhould thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
Like Melton paſtures, or Tripontian fields ‡,
Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
Thwarts the long courſe of duſty Watling-ſtreet;

* Snowdon, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris, high hills in North Wales.

† A town in Herefordſhire.

‡ Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby, in Warwickſhire, and Lutterworth, in Leiceſterſhire.

That larger ſort, of head defenceleſs, ſeek,
Whoſe fleece is deep and clammy, cloſe and plain:
The ram ſhort-limb'd, whoſe form compact deſcribes
One level line along his ſpacious back;
Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, ſtretch'd head,
Noſtrils dilated, breaſt and ſhoulders broad,
And ſpacious haunches, and a lofty dock.
Thus to their kindred ſoil and air induc'd,
Thy thriving herd will bleſs thy ſkilful care,
That copies Nature: who, in every change,
In each variety, with Wiſdom works,
And powers diverſify'd of air and ſoil,
Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
Chaldæa's marl, Ægyptus' water'd loam,
And dry Cyrene's ſand, in climes alike,
With different ſtores ſupply the marts of trade.
Hence Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear;
Small are the Ruſſian herds, and harſh their fleece;
Of light eſteem Germanic, far remote
From ſoft ſea-breezes, open winters mild,
And ſummers bath'd in dew: on Syrian ſheep
The coſtly burden only loads their tails:
No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's tribe
Adorn; but ſleek of ſlix, and brown like deer,
Fearful and ſhepherdleſs, they bound along
The ſands. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
Which verdure boaſt of trees and ſhrubs alone,
Shrubs aromatic, caufee wild, or thea,
Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
Unapt to feed the fleece. The food of wool

Is

Is graſs or herbage ſoft, that ever blooms
In temperate air, in the delicious downs
Of Albion, on the banks of all her ſtreams.
Of graſſes are unnumber'd kinds, and all
(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
Salubrious. Early mark, when tepid gleams
Oft mingle with the pearls of ſummer ſhowers,
And ſwell too haſtily the tender plains:
Then ſnatch away thy ſheep; beware the rot;
And with deterſive bay-ſalt rub their mouths;
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
In Hunger's kind diſtreſs, on tedded hay;
Or to the mariſh guide their eaſy ſteps,
If near thy tufted crofts the broad ſea ſpreads.
Sagacious care foreacts: when ſtrong diſeaſe
Breaks in, and ſtains the purple ſtreams of health,
Hard is the ſtrife of art: the coughing peſt
From their green paſture ſweeps whole flocks away.
That dire diſtemper ſometimes may the ſwain,
Though late, diſcern; when on the lifted lid,
Or viſual orb, the turgid veins are pale;
The ſwelling liver then her putrid ſtore
Begins to drink: ev'n yet thy ſkill exert,
Nor ſuffer weak deſpair to fold thy arms:
Again deterſive ſalt apply, or ſhed
The hoary medicine o'er their arid food.
In cold ſtiff ſoils the bleaters oft complain
Of gouty ails, by ſhepherds term'd the halt:
Thoſe let the neighbouring fold or ready crook
Detain; and pour into their cloven feet

Corroſive drugs, deep-ſearching arſenic,
Dry alum, verdigriſe, or vitriol keen.
But if the doubtful miſchief ſcarce appears,
'Twill ſerve to ſhift them to a dryer turf,
And ſalt again: th' utility of ſalt
Teach thy ſlow ſwains: redundant humours cold
Are the diſeaſes of the bleating kind.

Th' infectious ſcab, ariſing from extremes
Of want or ſurfeit, is by water cur'd
Of lime, or ſodden ſtave-acre, or oil
Diſperſive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
By virtuous Berkeley, whoſe benevolence
Explor'd its powers, and eaſy medicine thence
Sought for the poor: ye poor, with grateful voice,
Invoke eternal bleſſings on his head.

Sheep alſo pleuriſies and dropſies know,
Driv'n oft from Nature's path by artful man,
Who blindly turns aſide, with haughty hand,
Whom ſacred Inſtinct would ſecurely lead.
But thou, more humble ſwain, thy rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field;
Noting the fickle ſeaſons of the ſky.
Rain-fated paſtures let them ſhun, and ſeek
Changes of herbage and ſalubrious flowers.
By their All-perfect Maſter inly taught,
They beſt their food and phyſic can diſcern;
For He, Supreme Exiſtence, ever near,
Informs them. O'er the vivid green obſerve
With what a regular conſent they crop,

At every fourth collection to the mouth,
Unſavory crow-flower; whether to awake
Languor of appetite with lively change,
Or timely to repel approaching ills,
Hard to determine. Thou, whom nature loves,
And with her ſalutary rules entruſts,
Benevolent Mackenzie *, ſay the cauſe.
This truth howe'er ſhines bright to human ſenſe;
Each ſtrong affection of th' unconſcious brute,
Each bent, each paſſion of the ſmalleſt mite,
Is wiſely given; harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reaſon (bluſh, vain man!)
And turn the wheels of nature's vaſt machine.
See that thy ſcrip have ſtore of healing tar,
And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget
Thy ſheers true pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy ſtragglers to return:
So may'ſt thou aid who lag along, or ſteal
Aſide into the furrows or the ſhades,
Silent to droop; or who, at every gate
Or hillock, rub their ſores and looſen'd wool.
But rather theſe, the feeble of thy flock,
Baniſh before th' autumnal months: ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour; oft renew,
And through thy fold let joyous youth appear.
Beware the ſeaſon of imperial love,
Who through the world his ardent ſpirit pours;

* Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worceſter, now of Drumſugh, near Edinburgh.

Ev'n ſheep are then intrepid: the proud ram
With jealous eye ſurveys the ſpacious field;
All rivals keep aloof, or deſperate war
Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
And fury irreſiſtible, they daſh
Their hardy frontlets; the wide vale reſounds;
The flock amaz'd ſtands ſafe afar; and oft
Each to the other's might a victim falls:
As fell of old, before that engine's ſway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous towers of Salem to the duſt.

Wiſe cuſtom, at the fifth or ſixth return,
Or ere they 'ave paſt the twelfth of orient morn,
Caſtrates the lambkins; neceſſary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
But kindly watch whom thy ſharp hand has griev'd,
In thoſe rough months, that lift the turning year:
Not tedious is the office; to thy aid
Favonius haſtens; ſoon their wounds he heals,
And leads them ſkipping to the flowers of May;
May, who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
Like that of dreary, houſeleſs, common fields,
Worn by the plough: but fold on fallows dry.
Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land:
Nor in too narrow bounds the priſoners croud:
Nor ope the wattled fence, while balmy morn
Lies on the reeking paſture; wait till all
The cryſtal dews, impearl'd upon the graſs,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure ſky.

In

In teizing fly-time, dank, or froſty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their ſoft ſkins, between the parted locks;
Thus the Brigantes *; 'tis not idle pains:
Nor is that ſkill deſpis'd, which trims their tails,
Ere ſummer heats, of filth and tagged wool.
Coolneſs and cleanlineſs to health conduce.
To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to ſoil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy ſheep,
Hurdles to weave, and chearly ſhelters raiſe,
Thy vacant hours require: and ever learn
Quick æther's motion: oft the ſcene is turn'd;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance; theſe the moon will tell,
Each bird and beaſt, and theſe thy fleecy tribe:
When high the ſapphire cope, ſupine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted; but, ere rain,
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed:
Slight not the warning; ſoon the tempeſt rolls,
Scattering them wide, cloſe ruſhing at the heels
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken ſwains: forbear
Such nights to fold; ſuch nights be theirs to ſhift
On ridge or hillock; or in homeſteads ſoft,
Or ſofter cotes, detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable? Before harſh winter drowns
The noiſy dykes, and ſtarves the ruſhy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to ſandy hamlets warm:

* The inhabitants of Yorkſhire.

There let them ſojourn, till gay Procne ſkims
The thickening verdure, and the riſing flowers.
And while departing autumn all embrowns
The frequent-bitten fields; while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay; then be their feet
Accuſtom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or ſome warm umbrage; leſt, in erring fright,
When the broad dazzling ſnows deſcend, they run
Diſpers'd to ditches, where the ſwelling drift
Wide overwhelms: anxious, the ſhepherd ſwains
Iſſue with axe and ſpade, and, all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waſte;
And ſome, perchance, in the deep delve upraiſe,
Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With ſtill continued feeble pulſe of life;
The glebe, their fleece, their fleſh, by hunger gnaw'd.
Ah, gentle ſhepherd, thine the lot to tend,
Of all, that feel diſtreſs, the moſt aſſail'd,
Feeble, defenceleſs: lenient be thy care:
But ſpread around thy tendereſt diligence
In flowery ſpring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tottering with weakneſs by his mother's ſide,
Feels the freſh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O, guard his meek ſweet innocence from all
Th' innumerous ills that ruſh around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the ſkies to ſnatch him from the plain;
Obſerve the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the ſly fox the careleſs minute waits;

Nor

Nor truſt thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor ſky:
Thy boſom to a thouſand cares divide.
Eurus oft ſlings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her alſo turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakeſt, in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating ſtill with tepid milk:
In this ſoft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in ſport:
Nor yield him to himſelf, ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daiſy flowers.
Nor yet forget him: life has riſing ills:
Various as æther is the paſtoral care;
Through ſlow experience, by a patient breaſt,
The whole long leſſon gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft receiv'd
With deep attention: ſuch as NUCEUS * ſings
To the full vale near Soare's † enamour'd brook,
While all is ſilence: ſweet Hincklean ſwain!
Whom rude obſcurity ſeverely claſps:
The Muſe, howe'er, will deck thy ſimple cell
With purple violets and primroſe flowers,
Well-pleas'd thy faithful leſſons to repay.

* Mr. Joſeph Nutt, an eminent apothecary at Hinckley; of whom ſee the hiſtory of that time, p. 187.

† Soare a river in Leiceſterſhire.

Sheep

Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
Spread ſores cutaneous; but, more frequent, heat:
The fly-blown vermin, from their woolly neſt,
Preſs to the tortur'd ſkin, and fleſh, and bone,
In littleneſs and number dreadful foes.
Long rains in miry winter cauſe the halt;
Rainy luxuriant ſummers rot your flock;
And all exceſs, ev'n of ſalubrious food,
As ſure deſtroys, as famine or the wolf.
Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
Which all extremes in every zone endures.
With grateful heart, ye Britiſh ſwains, enjoy
Your gentle ſeaſons and indulgent clime.
Lo, in the ſprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of winter irreſiſtible o'erwhelms
Th' Hyperborean tracts: his arrowy froſts,
That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies;
And burrows deep beneath the ſnowy world;
A drear abode, from roſe-diffuſing hours,
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
Far, far remote; where, by the ſqualid light
Of fœtid oil inflam'd, ſea-monſter's ſpume,
Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three ſlow gloomy months, with various ills
Sullen he ſtruggles; ſuch the love of life!
His lank and ſcanty herds around him preſs,
As, hunger-ſtung, to gritty meal he grinds
The bones of fiſh, or inward bark of trees,
Their common ſuſtenance. While ye, O ſwains,

Ye,

Ye, happy at your eaſe, behold your ſheep
Feed on the open turf, or croud the tilth,
Where, thick among the greens, with buſy mouths
They ſcoop white turnips: little care is yours;
Only, at morning hour, to interpoſe
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle ſtraw,
The watery juices of the boſſy root
Abſorbing: or from noxious air to ſcreen
Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence
Of furze or copſe-wood, in the lofty field,
Which bleak aſcends among the whiſtling winds.
Or, if your ſheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to houſe them dry on fern or ſtraw,
Silkening their fleeces. Ye, nor rolling hut,
Nor watchful dog, require; where never roar
Of ſavage tears the air, where careleſs night
In balmy ſleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
Wild terror ſtrides: their ſtubborn rocks are rent;
Their mountains ſink; their yawning caverns flame;
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging; Pompeian towers,
And Herculanean, and what riotous ſtood
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
'Mong ſolitary hills infectious lies.
See the ſwift furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighbouring realms,
And ſpread their plains with deſolation wide:
Yet your mild homeſteads, ever-bloming ſmile
Among embracing woods; and waft on high

The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
Of chimneys, curling o'er the gloomy trees,
In airy azure ringlets, to the ſky.
Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic ſwains,
And Tarentine, with ſkins to cloath your ſheep;
Expenſive toil; howe'er expedient found
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
But thoſe expenſive toils are now no more,
Proud tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
Nor bleat of ſheep may now, nor ſound of pipe,
Sooth the ſad plains of once ſweet Arcady,
The ſhepherds' kingdom: dreary ſolitude
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the ſhaggy vale
Of Athens, which, in ſolemn ſilence, ſheds
Her venerable ruins to the duſt.

The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in queſt of food;
And ſhift their little home's uncertain ſcene
With frequent farewell: ſtrangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No ſweet fall of rain
May there be heard; nor ſweeter liquid lapſe
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirſt,
Daily they journey to the diſtant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep ſunk by toil immenſe,
Toil of the patriarchs, with ſublime intent
Themſelves and long poſterity to ſerve.
There, at the public hour of ſultry noon,

They

They ſhare the beverage, when to watering come,
And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whoſe various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns: then is abſent none,
Fair nymph or ſhepherd, each inſpiring each
To wit, and ſong, and dance, and active feats;
In the ſame ruſtic ſcene, where Jacob won
Fair Rachael's boſom, when a rock's vaſt weight
From the deep dark-mouth'd well his ſtrength remov'd,
And to her circling ſheep refreſhment gave.
Such are the perils, ſuch the toils of life,
In foreign climes. But ſpeed thy flight, my Muſe;
Swift turns the year; and our unnumber'd flocks
On fleeces overgrown uneaſy lie.
Now, jolly ſwains, the harveſt of your cares
Prepare to reap, and ſeek the ſounding caves
Of high Brigantium *, where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's ſtrong ſons, with nervous arm, around
The ſteady anvil and the glaring maſs,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flattening the ſteel; from their rough hands receive
The ſharpen'd inſtrument, that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder ſpreads
Her ſilver flowers; if humble daiſies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant graſs,
Gay ſhearing-time approaches. Firſt, howe'er,

* The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield, in Yorkſhire, where the ſhepherds ſhears and all edge-tools are made.

Drive

Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the ſtruggler ſinks,
With his white flakes, that gliſten through the tide;
The ſturdy ruſtic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to ſeize him riſing; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid ſtream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then reſigns him to the ſunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he ſhakes his dripping locks.
Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Leſt touch of buſy fly-blows wound their ſkin:
Thy peaceful ſubjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cheriſh and be gentle, while ye ſtrip
The downy veſture from their tender ſides.
Preſs not too cloſe; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in regular rounds proceed:
But ſpeedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy ſwarm and ſcorching heat;
And careful houſe them, if the lowering clouds
Mingle their ſtores tumultuous: through the gloom
Then thunder oft with ponderous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the cryſtal urns of heaven: adown
Falls ſtreaming rain. Sometimes among the ſteeps
Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades)
Faſt tumbling brooks on brooks enormous ſwell,
And ſudden overwhelm their vaniſh'd fields:

Down

Down with the flood away the naked ſheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and ſtraw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.
At ſhearing-time, along the lively vales,
Rural feſtivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbor all is joy
And luſty merriment: while on the graſs
The mingled youth in gaudy circles ſport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
To the ſhrill pipe, and deep remurmuring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow ſound.
While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, ſoftly mixt
With every murmur of the ſliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir;
Muſic of paradiſe! which ſtill is heard,
When the heart liſtens; ſtill the views appear
Of the firſt happy garden, when Content
To Nature's flowery ſcenes directs the ſight.
Yet we abandon thoſe Elyſian walks,
Then idly for the loſt delight repine:
As greedy mariners, whoſe deſperate ſails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they ſee the leſſening ſhores retire,
And ſigh a farewel to the ſinking hills.
Could I recall thoſe notes, which once the Muſe
Heard at a ſhearing, near the woody ſides

Of

Of blue-topp'd Wreakin * ! Yet the carols ſweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. Firſt aroſe in ſong
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable ſwain,
The ſootheſt ſhepherd of the flowery vale.
" This is no vulgar ſcene: no palace-roof
" Was e'er ſo lofty, nor ſo nobly riſe
" Their poliſh'd pillars, as theſe aged oaks,
" Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmleſs ſports
" Thus have expanded wide their ſheltering arms,
" Thrice told an hundred ſummers. Sweet Content,
" Ye gentle ſhepherds, pillow us at night."
" Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are ſhort,
" Riſing and falling with the chearful day,"
Colin reply'd; " and pleaſing wearineſs
" Soon our unaching heads to ſleep inclines.
" Is it in cities ſo? where, poets tell,
" The cries of ſorrow ſadden all the ſtreets,
" And the diſeaſes of intemperate wealth.
" Alas, that any ills from wealth ſhould riſe!
" May the ſweet nightingale on yonder ſpray,
" May this clear ſtream, theſe lawns, thoſe ſnow-white
" lambs,
" Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
" Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
" May that great lamp, which ſinks behind the hills,
" And ſtreams around variety of lights,
" Recall them erring: this is Damon's wiſh.

* A high hill in Shropſhire.

" Huge

" Huge Breaden's * ſtony ſummit once I climb'd
" After a kidling: Damon, what a ſcene!
" What various views unnumber'd ſpread beneath!
" Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and tor-
" rent floods;
" And here and there, between the ſpiry rocks,
" The broad flat ſea. Far nobler proſpects theſe,
" Than gardens black with ſmoke in duſty towns,
" Where ſtenchy vapours often blot the ſun:
" Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crouds
" Each greedy wretch for tardy-riſing wealth,
" Which comes too late; that courts the taſte in vain,
" Or nauſeates with diſtempers. Yes, ye rich,
" Still, ſtill be rich, if thus ye faſhion life;
" And piping, careleſs, ſilly ſhepherds we,
" We ſilly ſhepherds, all intent to feed
" Our ſnowy flocks, and wind the ſleeky fleece."
" Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"
Damon reply'd, " while the Supreme accounts
" Well of the faithful ſhepherd, rank'd alike
" With king and prieſt: they alſo ſhepherds are;
" For ſo th' All-ſeeing ſtyles them, to remind
" Elated man, forgetful of his charge."
" But haſte, begin the rites: ſee purple Eve
" Stretches her ſhadows: all ye nymphs and ſwains
" Hither aſſemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
" Sabrina, guardian of the cryſtal flood,
" Shall bleſs our cares, when ſhe by moonlight clear

* A hill on the borders of Montgomeryſhire.

" Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our ſleeping folds;
" Or in hoar caves around Plynlymmon's brow,
" Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
" Among her ſiſters ſhe reclines; the lov'd
" Vaga *, profuſe of graces, Ryddol * rough,
" Blithe Yſtwith *, and Clevedoc * ſwift of foot;
" And mingles various ſeeds of flowers and herbs,
" In the divided torrents, ere they burſt
" Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain
" roll.
" Nor taint-worm ſhall infect the yeaning herds,
" Nor penny-graſs, nor ſpearwort's poiſonous leaf."
He ſaid: with light fantaſtic toe, the nymphs
Thither aſſembled, thither every ſwain;
And o'er the dimpled ſtream a thouſand flowers,
Pale lilies, roſes, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, ſprinkled with their ſportive arms.
Such cuſtom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn †,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet ſhe fled
The ſearch of Guendolen, her ſtepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,
Spread on a moſſy bank, untouch'd abides,

* Vaga, Ryddol, Yſtwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the ſprings of which riſe in the ſides of Plynlymmon.

† Dolvoryn, a ruinous caſtle in Montgomeryſhire, on the banks of the Severn.

Till

Till ceaſe the rites: and now the moſſy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly chear
Diſpers'd in copious meaſure; early fruits,
And thoſe of frugal ſtore, in huſk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And caſt about their gibes; and ſome apace
Whiſtle to roundelays: their little-ones
Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
And winding vallies, with the various notes
Of pipe, ſheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majeſtic wave of Severn ſlowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted ſail,
Linger among the reeds and copſy banks
To liſten; and to view the joyous ſcene.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of mercifulneſs to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diverſity of wool in the fleece: ſkill in the aſſorting of it; particularly among the Dutch. The uſes of each ſort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lighteſt in common-fields: inconveniencies of common-fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet paſtures: yet all paſtures improveable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not eſteemed for wool. Countries eſteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its conſequences. Countries afterwards eſteemed for wool. The decay of arts and ſciences in the barbarous ages: their revival, firſt at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the preſent times. Wool the beſt of all the various materials for cloathing. The wool

wool of our iſland, peculiarly excellent, is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this ſubject. Biſhop Blaize the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Neceſſity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the proſperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

NOW, of the ſever'd lock, begin the ſong,
With various numbers, through the ſimple theme
To win attention: this, ye ſhepherd ſwains,
This is a labour. Yet, O Wray, if thou
Ceaſe not with ſkilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd Muſe, above the graſſy vale,
And hills, and wood, ſhall, ſinging, ſoar aloft;
And he, whom Learning, Wiſdom, Candor, Grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his ſire,
Royſton approve, and patronize the ſtrain.
Through all the brute creation, none, as ſheep,
To lordly man ſuch ample tribute pay.
For him their udders yield nectareous ſtreams:
For him their downy veſtures they reſign;
For him they ſpread the feaſt: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
His blameleſs fellow-creatures. Let diſeaſe,
Let waſted hunger, by deſtroying live;
And the permiſſion uſe with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond:

And gluttons ever murder when they kill.
Ev'n to the reptile every cruel deed
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
Not of the ſanguinary tribe are all;
All are not ſavage. Come, ye gentle ſwains,
Like Brama's healthy ſons on Indus' banks,
Whom the pure ſtream and garden fruits ſuſtain,
Ye are the ſons of Nature; your mild hands
Are innocent: ye, when ye ſhear, relieve.
Come, gentle ſwains, the bright unſully'd locks
Collect: alternate ſongs ſhall ſooth your cares,
And warbling muſic break from every ſpray.
Be faithful; and the genuine locks alone
Wrap round: nor alien flake nor pitch enfold:
Stain not your ſtores with baſe deſire to add
Fallacious weight: nor yet, to mimic thoſe,
Minute and light, of ſandy Urchinfield *,
Leſſen, with ſubtle artifice, the fleece:
Equal the fraud. Nor interpoſe delay,
Leſt buſy æther through the open wool
Debiliating paſs, and every film
Ruffle and ſully with the valley's duſt.
Guard too from moiſture, and the fretting moth
Pernicious: ſhe, in gloomy ſhade conceal'd,
Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.
But in looſe locks of fells ſhe moſt delights,
And feeble fleeces of diſtemper'd ſheep,
Whither ſhe haſtens, by the morbid ſcent

* The country about Roſs, in Herefordſhire.

Allur'd;

Allur'd; as the ſwift eagle to the fields
Of ſlaughtering war or carnage: ſuch apart
Keep for their proper uſe. Our anceſtors
Selected ſuch, for hoſpitable beds
To reſt the ſtranger, or the gory chief,
From battle or the chace of wolves return'd.
When many-colour'd Evening ſinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and oppoſite
Riſes, full-orb'd, the ſilver harveſt-moon,
To light th' unwearied farmer, late afield
His ſcatter'd ſheaves collecting; then expect
The artiſts, bent on ſpeed, from populous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome; they traverſe every plain,
And every dale, where farm or cottage ſmokes:
Reject them not; and let the ſeaſon's price
Win thy ſoft treaſures: let the bulky wain
Through duſty roads roll nodding; or the bark,
That ſilently adown the cerule ſtream
Glides with white ſails, diſpenſe the downy freight
To copſy villages on either ſide,
And ſpiry towns, where ready diligence,
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like ſtrong Briareus, with his hundred hands.
In the ſame fleece diverſity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious ſkill to ſort the ſeveral kinds.
But in this ſubtle ſcience none exceed
Th' induſtrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want: their ſpacious domes
With boundleſs hoſpitality receive

Each nation's outcaſts: there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd,
And unrejected age; ev'n childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual ſpeed,
They ſever lock from lock, and long, and ſhort,
And ſoft, and rigid, pile in ſeveral heaps.
This the duſk hatter aſks; another ſhines,
Tempting the clothier; that the hoſier ſeeks;
The long bright lock is apt for airy ſtuffs;
But often it deceives the artiſt's care,
Breaking unuſeful in the ſteely comb:
For this long ſpungy wool no more increaſe
Receives, while Winter petrifies the fields:
The growth of Autumn ſtops: and what though Spring
Succeeds with roſy finger, and ſpins on
The texture? yet in vain ſhe ſtrives to link
The ſilver twine to that of Autumn's hand.
Be then the ſwain adviſ'd to ſhield his flocks
From Winter's deadening froſts and whelming ſnows:
Let the loud tempeſt rattle on the roof,
While they, ſecure within, warm cribs enjoy,
And ſwell their fleeces, equal to the worth
Of cloath'd Apulian *, by ſoft warmth improv'd:
Or let them inward heat and vigor find,
By food of cole or turnep, hardy plants.

* The ſhepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, uſed to cloath their ſheep with ſkins, to preſerve and improve their fleeces.

Beſides,

Beſides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.
But lighteſt wool is theirs, who poorly toil,
Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
Of common-fields: incloſe, incloſe, ye ſwains;
Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch,
Noxious to wool, muſt ſtain your motley flock,
To mark your property? The mark dilates,
Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
Unfit for beauteous tint: beſides, in fields
Promiſcuous held, all culture languiſhes;
The glebe, exhauſted, thin ſupply receives;
Dull waters reſt upon the ruſhy flats
And barren furrows: none the riſing grove
There plants for late poſterity, nor hedge
To ſhield the flock, nor copſe for chearing fire;
And, in the diſtant village, every hearth
Devours the graſſy ſwerd, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain;
Pernicious habit, drawing gradual on
Increaſing beggary, and Nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilferer eaſier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he ſteals; or when,
With looſen'd tether of his horſe or cow,
The milky ſtalk of the tall green ear'd corn,
The year's ſlow-ripening fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he deſtroys.

There

There are, who over-rate our ſpungy ſtores,
Who deem that Nature grants no clime, but ours,
To ſpread upon its fields the dews of heaven,
And feed the ſilky fleece; that card, nor comb,
The hairy wool of Gaul can e'er ſubdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unleſs a third from Britain ſwell the heap.
Illuſion all; though of our ſun and air
Not trivial is the virtue: nor their fruit,
Upon our ſnowy flocks, of ſmall eſteem:
The grain of brighteſt tincture none ſo well
Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins muſt to this
Bear witneſs, and the coſtlieſt of their looms.
And though, with hue of crocus or of roſe,
No power of ſubtle food, or air, or ſoil,
Can dye the living fleece; yet 'twill avail
To note their influence in the tinging vaſe.
Therefore from herbage of old-paſtur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marle,
Where grow the whiteſt locks, collect thy ſtores.
Thoſe fields regard not, through whoſe recent turf
The miry ſoil appears: not ev'n the ſtreams
Of Yare, or ſilver Stroud, can purify
Their frequent-ſully'd fleece; nor what rough winds,
Keen-biting on tempeſtuous hills, inbrown.
Yet much may be perform'd, to check the force
Of Nature's rigor: the high heath, by trees
Warm-ſhelter'd, may deſpiſe the rage of ſtorms:
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to ſmile,
And leave in dykes their ſoon-forgotten tears.

Labor

Labor and Art will every aim atchieve
Of noble boſoms. Bedford Level *, erſt
A dreary pathleſs waſte, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform;
And, ſmiling with her lure of ſummer flowers,
The heavy ox, vain-ſtruggling, to ingulph;
Till one, of that high-honour'd patriot name,
Ruſſel, aroſe, who drain'd the ruſhy fen,
Confin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens bloom,
And through his new creation led the Ouze,
And gentle Camus, ſilver-winding ſtreams;
God-like beneficence; from chaos drear
To raiſe the garden and the ſhady grove!
But ſee Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeaſurable tract. The traveller
Slow tries his mazy ſtep on th' yielding tuft,
Shuddering with fear: ev'n ſuch perfidious wilds,
By labor won, have yielded to the comb
The faireſt length of wool. See Deeping fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis Art and Toil
Gives Nature value, multiplies her ſtores,
Varies, improves, creates: 'tis Art and Toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to ſhine,
The pear and taſteful apple; decks with flowers
And foodful pulſe the fields, that often riſe,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot Toil
With patient Art, effect? There was a time,

* In Cambridgeſhire.

When

When other regions were the ſwains delight,
And ſhepherdleſs Britannia's ruſhy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labor knew,
But of rude baſkets, homely ruſtic geer,
Woven of the flexile willow; till, at length,
The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient Culture, and, o'er ſinking woods,
High Cotſwold ſhow'd her ſummits. Urchinfield,
And Lemſter's crofts, beneath the pheaſant's brake,
Long lay unnoted. Toil new paſture gives;
And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
O'er leſſening vineyards ſpreads the growing turf.

In eldeſt times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleeting ſheepfolds met, for pureſt wool
Phœnicia's hilly tracts were moſt renown'd,
And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,
Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky ſides:
Twice with the murex' crimſon hue they ting'd
The ſhining fleeces: hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence aroſe the walls of ancient Tyre.

Next buſy Colchis, bleſs'd with frequent rains,
And lively verdure (who the lucid ſtream
Of Phaſis boaſted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the fleece;
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The fam'd Theſſalian ram enrich'd her plains.

This, riſing Greece with indignation view'd,
And youthful Jaſon an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brows, the Muſes' haunts,

He

He rouz'd the brave, to re-demand the fleece.
Attend, ye Britiſh ſwains, the ancient ſong.
From every region of Ægea's ſhore
The brave aſſembled; thoſe illuſtrious twins,
Caſtor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard;
Zetes and Calais, as the wind in ſpeed;
Strong Hercules, and many a chief renown'd.
On deep Iolcos' ſandy ſhore they throng'd,
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;
And ſoon, the laurel cord, and the huge ſtone
Up-lifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark;
Whoſe keel, of wondrous length, the ſkilful hand
Of Argus faſhion'd for the proud attempt;
And in th' extended keel a lofty maſt
Up-rais'd, and ſails full-ſwelling; to the chiefs
Unwonted objects: now firſt, now they learn'd
Their bolder ſteerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden ſtars, as Chiron's art
Had mark'd the ſphere celeſtial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep: the cloudy iſles,
Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, riſe,
And Haloneſos: ſoon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her miſts, and brightens all her cliffs:
While they, her flattering creeks and opening bowers
Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
Caſt out the cabled ſtone upon the ſtrand.
Next to the Myſian ſhore they ſhape their courſe,
But with too eager haſte: in the white foam
His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long

The

The chance detains; he ſprings upon the ſhore,
And, rifting from the roots a tapering pine,
Renews his ſtroke. Between the threatening towers
Of Helleſpont they ply the rugged ſurge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal: then ſmooth Propontis' widening wave,
That like a glaſſy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
And now the Thracian Boſphorus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
Threaten approach; but they, unterrify'd,
Through the ſharp-pointed cliffs and thundering floods
Cleave their bold paſſage: nathleſs by the craggs
And torrents ſorely ſhatter'd: as the ſtrong
Eagle or vulture, in th' entangling net
Involv'd, breaks through, yet leaves his plumes behind.
Thus, through the wide waves, their ſlow way they force
To Thynia's hoſpitable iſle. The brave
Paſs many perils, and to fame by ſuch
Experience riſe. Refreſh'd, again they ſpeed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd ſtreams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Aſparus and Glaucus, rolling ſwift
To the broad deep their tributary waves;
Till in the long-ſought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phaſis. Foremoſt on the ſtrand
Jaſon advanc'd: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wondering he view'd, and ſtately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury; around,

In

In every glittering hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-ſounding ſquares and ſtreets,
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found: for he, their chief
Of ſhepherds, proud Aëtes, by the name
Sometimes of king diſtinguiſh'd, 'gan to ſlight
The ſhepherd's trade, and turn to ſong and dance:
Ev'n Hydrus ceas'd to watch; Medea's ſongs
Of joy, and roſy youth, and Beauty's charms,
With magic ſweetneſs lull'd his cares aſleep,
Till the bold heroes graſp'd the golden fleece.
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, ſurrounded ſoon
By Neptune's friendly waves: ſecure they ſpeed
O'er the known ſeas, by every guiding cape,
With proſperous return. The myrtle ſhores,
And glaſſy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,
And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful ſtops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the ram regain'd.
Thus Phaſis loſt his pride: his ſlighted nymphs
Along the withering dales and paſtures mourn'd;
The trade-ſhip left his ſtreams; the merchant ſhunn'd
His deſart borders; each ingenious art,
Trade, Liberty, and Affluence, all retir'd,
And left to Want and Servitude their ſeats:
Vile ſucceſſors! and gloomy Ignorance
Following like dreary Night, whoſe ſable hand
Hangs on the purple ſkirts of flying day.

Sithence

Sithence the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic, and Theſſalian, bore eſteem;
And thoſe in Grecian colonies diſpers'd,
Caria and Doris, and Iönia's coaſt,
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galeſus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
Through ſolitary vallies ſeeks the ſea.
Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps
High-crown'd, whoſe woods and ſnowy peaks aloft
Shield her low plains from the rough northern blaſt.
Thoſe too of Bœtica's delicious fields,
With golden fruitage bleſs'd of higheſt taſte,
What need I name? The Turdetanian tract,
Or rich Coraxus, whoſe wide looms unroll'd
The fineſt webs? where ſcarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only Tin
To late improv'd Britannia gave renown.

Lo the revolving courſe of mighty time,
Who loftineſs abaſes, tumbles down
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majeſty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her ſplendid ſtreets,
The ſnowy veſt of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal? Where the Attic fleece,
And Tarentine, in warmeſt litter'd cotes,
Or ſunny meadows, cloath'd with coſtly care?
All in the ſolitude of ruin loſt,
War's horrid carnage, vain Ambition's duſt.

Long lay the mournful realms of elder Fame
In gloomy deſolation, till appear'd

Beauteous

Beauteous Venetia, firſt of all the nymphs,
Who from the melancholy waſte emerg'd:
In Adria's gulph her clotted locks ſhe lav'd,
And roſe another Venus: each ſoft joy,
Each aid of life, her buſy wit reſtor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely Arts,
And all the Graces. Reſtituted Trade
To every Virtue lent his helping ſtores,
And chear'd the vales around; again the pipe,
And bleating flocks, awak'd the chearful lawn.
The gloſſy fleeces now of prime eſteem
Soft Aſia boaſts, where lovely Caſſimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
Spreads her delicious ſtores; woods, rocks, caves, lakes,
Hills, lawns, and winding ſtreams; a region term'd
The paradiſe of Indus. Next, the plains
Of Lahor, by that arbor ſtretch'd immenſe,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worſhip'd prince, whoſe luſt is law:
Remote dominions; nor to ancient Fame,
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, ſagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their diſtant climes adventurous trade.
Add too the ſilky wool of Libyan lands,
Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas ſpreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary ſhoulders bend.
Next proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Caſtile, and mild Segovian glades.

And beauteous Albion, ſince great Edgar chac'd
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
Of ſilky luſtre; chief, Siluria, thine;
Thine, Vaga, favour'd ſtream; from ſheep minute
On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a fleece.
Gay Epſom's too, and Banſtead's, and what gleams
On Vecta's iſle, that ſhelters Albion's fleet,
With all its thunders: or Salopian ſtores,
Thoſe which are gather'd in the fields of Clun:
High Cotſwold alſo 'mong the ſhepherd ſwains
Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough
Preys on its carpet: He *, whoſe ruſtic Muſe
O'er heath and craggy holt her wing diſplay'd,
And ſung the boſky bourns of Alfred's ſhires,
Has favour'd Cotſwold with luxuriant praiſe.
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
Or rich Leiceſtra's marly plains, for length
Of whiteſt locks and magnitude of fleece
Peculiar; envy of the neighbouring realms?
But why recount our graſſy lawns alone,
While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
With boſſy turnep, and luxuriant cole,
Learns through the circling year their flocks to feed.
Ingenious trade! to cloath the naked world,
Her ſoft materials, not from ſheep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and ſtones,
Collects ſagacious: in Eubœa's iſle
A wondrous rock † is found, of which are woven

* Drayton. † The Aſbeſtos.

Veſts

Veſts incombuſtible: Batavia, flax;
Siam's warm mariſh yields the fiſſile cane;
Soft Perſia, ſilk; Balaſor's ſhady hills
Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito, graſs;
And every ſultry clime the ſnowy down
Of cotton, burſting from its ſtubborn ſhell
To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With gloſſy hair of Tibet's ſhagged goat
Are light tiaras woven, that wreath the head,
And airy float behind: the beaver's ſix
Gives kindlieſt warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood ſlow riſes through the veins.
Still ſhall o'er all prevail the ſhepherd's ſtores,
For numerous uſes known: none yield ſuch warmth,
Such beauteous hues receive, ſo long endure;
So pliant to the loom, ſo various, none.

Wild rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they bear,
In fervid climes: Nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Reſplendent ſwells, enormous in its growth:
As the ſleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad reſigns it for the hatter's uſe.

Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's * glades,
And Canſes' *, echo to the pipes and flocks
Of foreign ſwains. While time ſhakes down his ſands,

* Provinces in Louiſiana, on the weſtern ſide of the Miſſiſippi.

And works continual change, be none ſecure:
Quicken your labors, brace your ſlackening nerves,
Ye Britons; nor ſleep careleſs on the lap
Of bounteous Nature; ſhe is elſewhere kind.
See Miſſiſippi lengthen on her lawns,
Propitious to the ſhepherds: ſee the ſheep*
Of fertile Arica†, like camels form'd;
Which bear huge burdens to the ſea-beat ſhore,
And ſhine with fleeces ſoft as feathery down.
Coarſe Bothnic locks are not devoid of uſe;
They cloath the mountain carl, or mariner
Laboring at the wet ſhrouds, or ſtubborn helm,
While the loud billows daſh the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's veſtures wear;
Nor what, from fleece Ratæan ‡, mimic flowers
Of rich Damaſcus: many a texture bright
Of that material in Prætorium § woven,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.
If any wool peculiar to our iſle
Is given by Nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
The ſoft, the ſnow-white, and the long-grown flake.
Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye,
This golden fleece to guard, with ſtricteſt watch,
From the dark hand of pilfering Avarice,
Who, like a ſpectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When Nature wide around him lies ſupine

* Theſe ſheep are called Guanapos.
† A province of Peru.
‡ The fleeces of Leiceſterſhire.
§ Coventry.

And

And ſilent, in the tangles ſoft involv'd
Of death-like ſleep: he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumes the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvas, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.
Happy the patriot, who can teach the means
To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
Trade's open channels. Would a generous aid
To honeſt toil, in Cambria's hilly tracts,
Or where the Lune * or Coker † wind their ſtreams,
Be found ſufficient? Far, their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury ariſe.
O might their mazy dales, and mountain ſides
With copious fleeces of Ierne ſhine,
And gulphy Caledonia, wiſely bent
On wealthy fiſheries and flaxen webs;
Then would the ſiſter realms, amid their ſeas,
Like the three Graces in harmonious fold,
By mutual aid enchance their various charms,
And bleſs remoteſt climes—To this lov'd end,
Awake, Benevolence; to this lov'd end,
Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.
Far, far away, whoſe paſſions would immure,
In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
(Ye worms of pride) for your repaſt alone,
Who claim all nature's ſtores, woods, waters, meads,
All her profuſion; whoſe vile hands would graſp

* A river in Cumberland. † A river in Lancaſhire.

The peaſant's ſcantling, the weak widow's mite,
And in the ſepulchre of Self entomb
Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot uſe.
Know, for ſuperior ends th' Almighty Power
(The Power, whoſe tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
And forms us manifold; allots to each
His fair peculiar; wiſdom, wit, and ſtrength;
Wiſdom, and wit, and ſtrength, in ſweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counſel, to protect,
And twiſt the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,
With man united, is a nation ſtrong;
Builds towery cities, ſatiates every want,
And makes the ſeas profound, and foreſts wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born
For the high buſineſs of the public good.

For me, 'tis mine to pray, that men regard
Their occupations with an honeſt heart,
And chearful diligence: like the uſeful bee,
To gather for the hive not ſweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may ſooth diſtreſs, and raiſe the fall'n,
In life's rough race: O be it as my wiſh!
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.

For this, I wake the weary hours of reſt;
With this deſire, the merchant I attend;
By this impell'd, the ſhepherd's hut I ſeek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
Attentive, pleas'd with pure ſimplicity,

And rules divulg'd beneficent to ſheep:
Or turn the compaſs o'er the painted chart,
To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's ſtream,
Cold Hudſon's cloudy ſtreights, warm Afric's cape,
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean foſſe,
And China's long canals; thoſe noble works,
Thoſe high effects of civilizing trade,
Employ me, ſedulous of public weal:
Yet not unmindful of my ſacred charge;
But alſo mindful, thus deviſing good,
At vacant ſeaſons, oft; when evening mild
Purples the vallies, and the ſhepherd counts
His flock, returning to the quiet fold,
With dumb complacence: for Religion, this,
To give our every comfort to diſtreſs,
And follow virtue with an humble mind;
This pure Religion. Thus, in elder time,
The reverend Blaſius wore his leiſure hours,
And ſlumbers, broken oft: till, fill'd at length
With inſpiration, after various thought,
And trials manifold, his well-known voice
Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian ſtoves,
With tepid lees of oil, and ſpiky comb,
Shew'd how the fleece might ſtretch to greater length,
And caſt a gloſſier whiteneſs. Wheels went round;
Matrons and maids with ſongs reliev'd their toils;
And every loom receiv'd the ſofter yarn.
What poor, what widow, Blaſius, did not bleſs
Thy teaching hand? Thy boſom, like the morn,

Opening its wealth? What nation did not ſeek,
Of thy new-model'd wool, the curious webs?
Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly feſtals: through their ſtreets
The pomp, with tuneful ſounds, and order juſt,
Denoting labor's happy progreſs, moves,
Proceſſion ſlow and ſolemn: firſt the rout;
Then ſervient youth, and magiſterial eld;
Each after each, according to his rank,
His ſway, and office, in the common weal;
And to the board of ſmiling plenty's ſtores
Aſſemble, where delicious cates and fruits
Of every clime are pil'd; and with free hand,
Toil only taſtes the feaſts, by nerveleſs eaſe
Unreliſh'd. Various mirth and ſong reſound;
And oft they interpoſe improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks, from experience, that ſometimes ariſe;
Till night weighs down the ſenſe, or morning's dawn
Rouzes to labor, man to labor born.
Then the ſleek brightening lock, from hand to hand,
Renews its circling courſe: this feels the card;
That, in the comb, admires its growing length;
This, blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave;
And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.
For it ſuffices not, in flowery vales,
Only to tend the flock, and ſhear ſoft wool:
Gums muſt be ſtor'd of Guinea's arid coaſt;
Mexican woods, and India's brightening ſalts;
Fruits, herbage, ſulphurs, minerals, to ſtain

The

The fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum-waves
Intenerate. With curious eye obſerve,
In what variety the tribe of ſalts,
Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
Produce, abſterſive or reſtringent; how
Steel caſts the ſable; how pale pewter, fus'd
In fluid ſpirit'ous, the ſcarlet dye;
And how each tint is made, or mixt, or chang'd,
By mediums colourleſs: why is the fume
Of ſulphur kind to white and azure hues,
Pernicious elſe: why no materials yield
Singly their colours, thoſe except that ſhine
With topaz, ſapphire, and cornelian rays:
And why, though nature's face is cloath'd in green,
No green is found to beautify the fleece,
But what repeated toil by mixture gives.
To find effects, while cauſes lie conceal'd,
Reaſon uncertain tries: howe'er, kind chance
Oft with equivalent diſcovery pays
Its wandering efforts; thus the German ſage,
Diligent Drebet, o'er alchemic fire,
Seeking the ſecret ſource of gold, receiv'd
Of alter'd cochineal the crimſon ſtore.
Tyrian Melcartus thus (the firſt who brought
Tin's uſeful ore from Albion's diſtant iſle,
And, for unwearied toils and arts, the name
Of Hercules acquir'd) when o'er the mouth
Of his attendant ſheep-dog he beheld
The wounded murex ſtrike a purple ſtain,

The purple ſtain on fleecy woofs he ſpread,
Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,
And drew the pomp of trade to riſing Tyre.
Our vallies yield not, or but ſparing yield,
The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
Or root of madder, here or purple woad,
By which our naked anceſtors obſcur'd
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with myſtic forms,
Like Egypt's obeliſks. The powerful ſun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which trade to us conveys. Not tints alone,
Trade to the good phyſician gives his balms;
Gives chearing cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high;
Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare;
And when the prieſt diſplays, in juſt diſcourſe,
Him, the all-wiſe Creator, and declares
His preſence, power, and goodneſs, unconfin'd,
'Tis trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To cenſure trade,
Or hold her buſy people in contempt,
Let none preſume. The dignity, and grace,
And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
To ſeeming imperfections, to vain wants,
Or real exigencies; paſſions ſwift
Forerunning reaſon; ſtrong contrarious bents,
The ſteps of men diſperſing wide abroad
O'er realms and ſeas. There, in the ſolemn ſcene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,

Humiliating

Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they
The cleareſt ſenſe of Deity receive,
Who view the wideſt proſpect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade through various climes:
Who ſee the ſignatures of boundleſs love,
Nor leſs the judgments of Almighty Power,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'ſcapes
From human juſtice: who, aſtoniſh'd, view
Etna's loud thunders and tempeſtuous fires;
The duſt of Carthage; deſert ſhores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandon'd ſummit, crown'd of old
With ſtately towers; whoſe merchants, from their iſles,
And radiant thrones, aſſembled in her marts;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their ſhaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs;
Where rich Damaſcus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thirſty for the double tint,
And flowering ſhuttle. While th' admiring world
Crowded her ſtreets; ah! then the hand of Pride
Sow'd imperceptible his poiſonous weed,
Which crept deſtructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of ſome tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
Not ev'n the duſt they ſunk in; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the ſtormy deep:
Only the ſolitary rock remains,
Her ancient ſcite; a monument to thoſe,
Who toil and wealth exchange for ſloth and pride.

THE

THE FLEECE.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of labor. The ſeveral methods of ſpinning. Deſcription of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill deſcribed, and the progreſs of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill conſequences of idleneſs. Country-workhouſes propoſed; with a deſcription of one. Good effects of induſtry exemplified in the proſpect of Burſtal and Leeds; and the cloth-market there deſcribed. Preference of the labors of the loom to other manufactures, illuſtrated by ſome compariſons. Hiſtory of the art of weaving: its removal from the Netherlands, and ſettlement in ſeveral parts of England. Cenſure of thoſe who would reject the perſecuted and the ſtranger. Our trade and proſperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapeſtry, taught us by the Saracens. Tapeſtries of Bleinheim deſcribed. Different arts, procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants,

habitants, and their induſtry, the ſureſt ſource of it. Hence a wiſh, that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers, through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the ſeats of our manufactures: other countries leſs happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea; and of France in attempting, by canals, a communication between the Ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more eaſily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Deſcription of the Thames, and the port of London.

PROCEED, Arcadian Muſe; reſume the pipe
Of Hermes, long diſus'd, though ſweet the tone,
And to the ſongs of Nature's choiriſters
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Though few: for every note which virtue wounds,
However pleaſing to the vulgar herd,
To the purg'd ear is diſcord. Yet too oft
Has falſe diſſembling vice to amorous airs
The reed apply'd, and heedleſs youth allur'd:
Too oft, with bolder ſound, enflam'd the rage
Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and ſheepfolds were the Muſes' haunts.
So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, ſhalt theſe rural lays
Approve, O Heathcote, whoſe benevolence
Viſits our vallies; where the paſture ſpreads,

And

And where the bramble; and would juſtly act
True charity, by teaching idle want
And vice the inclination to do good,
Good to themſelves, and in themſelves to all,
Through grateful toil. Ev'n nature lives by toil:
Beaſt, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling worlds,
All live by action: nothing lies at reſt,
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Faſhion'd, improv'd, by labor. This of old,
Wiſe ſtates obſerving, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,
To manual occupation; and oft call'd
Their chieftains from the ſpade, or furrowing plough,
Or bleating ſheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence ſtrength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What ſimple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground;
'Tis toils that make them wealth; that makes the fleece
(Yet uſeleſs, riſing in unſhapen heaps);
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A veſture uſefully ſuccinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
The ſcatter'd miſts reveal the duſky hills;
Grey dawn appears; the golden morn aſcends,
And paints the glittering rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming ſpires; ariſe, begin your toils;

Behold

Behold the fleece beneath the ſpiky comb
Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in ſoft flakes, and ſwell the whiten'd floor.
Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the ſoft material: with light ſtep
Whether ye turn around the ſpacious wheel,
Or, patient ſitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand aſſiſt
To guide and ſtretch the gently-leſſening thread:
Even, unknotted twine, will praiſe your ſkill.
A different ſpinning every different web
Aſks from your glowing fingers: ſome require
The more compact, and ſome the looſer wreath;
The laſt for ſoftneſs, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: ſcarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the lengthening flake.
There are, to ſpeed their labor, who prefer
Wheels double-ſpol'd, which yield to either hand
A ſeveral line: and many, yet adhere
To th' ancient diſtaff, at the boſom fix'd,
Caſting the whirling ſpindle as they walk:
At home, or in the ſheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method ſtill
Norvicum favours, and th' Icenian * towns:
It yields their airy ſtuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of ſpinning, when th' Egyptian prince

* The Iceni were the inhabitants of Suffolk.

A golden

A golden diſtaff gave that beauteous nymph,
Too-beauteous Helen: no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diverſion of the fair
Led to ingenious uſe. But patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,
Sagacious, has a ſpiral engine * form'd,
Which, on an hundred ſpoles, an hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapſe of water, twines,
Few hands requiring; eaſy-tended work,
That copiouſly ſupplies the greedy loom.
Nor hence, ye Nymphs, let anger cloud your brows:
The more is wrought, the more is ſtill requir'd:
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted ſong, proceed:
Fear not ſurcharge; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the ſtrife of trade,
Theſe curious inſtruments of ſpeed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exerciſe, as fountains ſure,
Which, ever-gliding, feed the flowery lawn.
Nor, ſhould the careful State, ſeverely kind,
In every province, to the houſe of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain.
Yours, with the public good, ſhall ever riſe,
Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs
The bleating ſheep and ſhepherd's pipe are heard;
While in the brook ye blanch the gliſtening fleece,

* Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

And

And th' amorous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choiceſt of his ſonnets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.
The amorous youth, with various hopes inflam'd,
Now on the buſy ſtage ſee him ſtep forth,
With beating breaſt: high-honour'd he beholds
Rich induſtry. Firſt, he beſpeaks a loom:
From ſome thick wood the carpenter ſelects
A ſlender oak, or beech of gloſſy trunk,
Or ſaplin aſh: he ſhapes the ſturdy beam,
The poſts, and treadles; and the frame combines.
The ſmith, with iron-ſcrews, and plated hoops,
Confirms the ſtrong machine, and gives the bolt
That ſtrains the roll. To theſe the turner's lathe,
And graver's knife, the hollow ſhuttle add.
Various profeſſions in the work unite:
For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
The curious engine, work of ſubtle ſkill;
Howe'er, in vulgar uſe around the globe
Frequent obſerv'd, of high antiquity
No doubtful mark: th' adventurous voyager,
Toſs'd over ocean to remoteſt ſhores,
Hears on remoteſt ſhores the murmuring loom;
Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrow'd field,
The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the diſcipline
Of ſtrong-yok'd ſteers. What needful art is new?
Next, the induſtrious youth employs his care
To ſtore ſoft yarn; and now he ſtrains the warp
Along the garden-walk, or highway-ſide,
Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,

And ſits before the work: from hand to hand
The thready ſhuttles glides along the lines,
Which open to the woof, and ſhut altern:
And ever and anon, to firm the work,
Againſt the web is driven the noiſy frame,
That o'er the level ruſhes, like a ſurge,
Which, often daſhing on the ſandy beach,
Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand
Again, acroſs the lines oft opening, glides
The thready ſhuttle, while the web apace
Increaſes, as the light of eaſtern ſkies,
Spread by the roſy fingers of the morn;
And all the fair expanſe with beauty glows.

Or, if the broader mantle be the taſk,
He chuſes ſome companion to his toil.
From ſide to ſide, with amicable aim,
Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
While friendly converſe, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the opening mind.

What need we name the ſeveral kinds of looms?
Thoſe delicate, to whoſe fair-colour'd threads
Hang figur'd weights, whoſe various numbers guide
The artiſt's hand: he, unſeen flowers, and trees,
And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
Or that, whoſe numerous needles, glittering bright,
Weave the warm hoſe to cover tender limbs:
Modern invention: modern is the want.

Next, from the ſlacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,
Near ſome clear-ſliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noiſy fulling-mill receiv'd;

Where

Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, riſing and deſcending, learn
To imitate the induſtry of man.
Oft the wet web is ſteep'd, and often rais'd,
Faſt-dripping, to the river's graſſy bank;
And ſinewy arms of men, with full-ſtrain'd ſtrength,
Wring out the latent water: then, up-hung
On rugged tenters, to the fervid ſun
Its level ſurface, reeking, it expands;
Still brightening in each rigid diſcipline,
And gathering worth; as human life, in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's ſhears,
And burler's thiſtle, ſkim the ſurface ſheen.
The round of work goes on, from day to day,
Seaſon to ſeaſon. So the huſbandman
Purſues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
The ſeed is ſown; rough rattle o'er the clods
The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe ſubdues;
The ſickle labours, and the ſlow team ſtrains;
Till grateful harveſt-home rewards his toils.
Th' ingenious artiſt, learn'd in drugs, beſtows
The laſt improvement; for th' unlabour'd fleece
Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.
In penetrating waves of boiling vats
The ſnowy web is ſteep'd, with grain of weld,
Fuſtic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
Or the dark purple pulp of Pictiſh woad,
Of ſtain tenacious, deep as ſummer ſkies,
Like thoſe that canopy the bowers of Stowe
After ſoft rains, when birds their notes attune,

Ere the melodious nightingale begins.
From yon broad vaſe behold the ſaffron woofs
Beauteous emerge; from theſe the azure riſe;
This glows with crimſon; that the auburn holds;
Theſe ſhall the prince with purple robes adorn;
And thoſe the warrior mark, and thoſe the prieſt.
Few are the primal colours of the art;
Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
Yet hence innumerable hues ariſe.
That ſtain alone is good, which bears unchang'd
Diſſolving water's, and calcining ſun's,
And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
With utmoſt caution to prepare the woof,
To ſeek the beſt-adapted dyes, and ſalts,
And pureſt gums! ſince your whole ſkill conſiſts
In opening well the fibres of the woof,
For the reception of the beauteous dye,
And wedging every grain in every pore,
Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.
But what the powers, which lock them in the web;
Whether incruſting ſalts, or weight of air,
Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.
Ah! wherefore have we loſt our old repute?
And who enquires the cauſe, why Gallia's ſons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?
Yet yield not, Britons; graſp in every art
The foremoſt name. Let others tamely view,
On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's ſtand,
The haughty Turk deſpiſe their proffer'd bales.

Now

Now ſee, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
The welcome traders, gathering every web;
Induſtrious, every web too few. Alas!
Succeſsleſs oft their induſtry, when ceaſe
The loom and ſhuttle in the troubled ſtreets;
Their motion ſtopt by wild Intemperance,
Toil's ſcoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To ſcorn their taſk-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude ſteps; while Miſery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.
O when, through every province, ſhall be rais'd
Houſes of labor, ſeats of kind conſtraint,
For thoſe, who now delight in fruitleſs ſports,
More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
Which honeſt wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who ſeek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For ſuſtenance unearn'd; who ſtroll abroad
From houſe to houſe, with miſchievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppreſs'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Through ſtorms, and rains, and bitterneſs of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happineſs: the long-wiſh'd day-light dawns,
When charitable Rigor ſhall detain
Your ſtep-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the ſons of Trade,
Where-e'er their cultivated hamlets ſmile,
Erect the manſion*: here ſoft fleeces ſhine;

* This alludes to the workhouſes at Briſtol, Birmingham, &c.

The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here ſhroud you from the thunder of the ſtorm;
No rain ſhall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage; here your viands are prepar'd;
To heal each ſickneſs the phyſician waits,
And prieſt entreats to give your Maker praiſe.
Behold, in Calder's * vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the ſhrubby hills,
A ſpacious dome for this fair purpoſe riſe.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image ſtands. By gentle ſteps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we ſlowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with ſilent joy,
The ſprightly ſcene; where many a buſy hand,
Where ſpoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,
And ever-murmuring ſound, th' unwonted ſenſe
Wrap in ſurprize. To ſee them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the ſpreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal, can beſtow. Nor leſs they gain
Virtue than wealth, while, on their uſeful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal ſcale
Some deal abroad the well-aſſorted fleece;
Theſe card the ſhort, thoſe comb the longer ſtake;

* A river in Yorkſhire, which runs below Halifax, and paſſes by Wakefield.

Others

Others the harſh and clotted lock receive,
Yet ſever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper uſe. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the eaſy work of winding yarn
On ſwiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks;
Such joy ariſes in the mind employ'd.
Another ſcene diſplays the more robuſt,
Raſping or grinding tough Braſilian woods,
And what Campeachy's diſputable ſhore
Copious affords to tinge the thirſty web;
And the Caribbee iſles, whoſe dulcet canes
Equal the honey-comb. We next are ſhown
A circular machine *, of new deſign,
In conic ſhape: it draws and ſpins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needleſs hands.
A wheel, inviſible, beneath the floor,
To every member of th' harmonious frame
Gives neceſſary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he ſays,
Is ſmoothly lapp'd around thoſe cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright ſpindles, which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.
From this delightful manſion (if we ſeek
Still more to view the gifts which honeſt toil

* A moſt curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at preſent contrived to ſpin cotton; but it may be made to ſpin fine carded wool.

Diſtributes) take we now our eaſtward courſe,
To the rich fields of Burſtal. Wide around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, ſmile:
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,
Of buſy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incenſe of thankſgiving: all is joy;
And trade and buſineſs guide the living ſcene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the ſlow-ſailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of ſlow-pac'd ſteeds.
As when a ſunny day invites abroad
The ſedulous ants, they iſſue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haſte
With warm affection to each other's aid;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and ſucceed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious ſtore of corn:
The grazier's ſleeky kine obſtruct the roads:
The neat-dreſs'd houſewives, for the feſtal board
Crown'd with full baſkets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat
The ſtroke of ax and hammer; ſcaffolds riſe,
And growing edifices; heaps of ſtone,
Beneath the chiſſel, beauteous ſhapes aſſume
Of frieze and column. Some, with even line,
New ſtreets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
And ſacred domes of worſhip. Induſtry,
Which dignifies the artiſt, lifts the ſwain,
And the ſtraw cottage to a palace turns,

Over the work preſides. Such was the ſcene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
Firſt view'd her growing turrets. So appear
Th' increaſing walls of buſy Mancheſter,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whoſe reddening fields
Riſe and enlarge their ſuburbs. Lo, in throngs,
For every realm, the careful factors meet,
Whiſpering each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like War's bright files, beyond the ſight extend.
Straight, ere the ſounding bell the ſignal ſtrikes,
Which ends the hour of traffick, they conclude
The ſpeedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
With mutual benefit, ſuperior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labor and endurance: deep the oak
Muſt ſink in ſtubborn earth its roots obſcure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the ſkies:
Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
Diſcloſes wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
And digs the duſky ore, and breaks and grinds
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid ſtreams,
With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
The metal purifies: with the fatigue,
And tedious proceſs of its painful works,
The luſty ſicken, and the feeble die.

But chearful are the labors of the loom,
By health and eaſe accompany'd: they bring
Superior treaſures ſpeedier to the ſtate,
Than thoſe of deep Peruvian mines, where ſlaves
(Wretched

(Wretched requital) drink, with trembling hand,
Pale Palſy's baneful cup. Our happy ſwains
Behold ariſing, in their fattening flocks,
A double wealth; more rich than Belgium's boaſt,
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
Or the Cathayan's, whoſe ignobler care
Nurſes the ſilk-worm; or of India's ſons,
Who plant the cotton-grove by Ganges' ſtream.
Nor do their toils and products furniſh more,
Than gauds and dreſſes, of fantaſtic web,
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
Give cloathing to neceſſity; keep warm
Th' unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild
Benighted, while the tempeſt beats around.
No, ye ſoft ſons of Ganges, and of Ind,
Ye feebly delicate, life little needs
Your feminine toys, nor aſks your nerveleſs arm
To caſt the ſtrong-flung ſhuttle, or the ſpear.
Can ye defend your country from the ſtorm
Of ſtrong invaſion? Can ye want endure,
In the beſieged fort, with courage firm?
Can ye the weather-beaten veſſel ſteer,
Climb the tall maſt, direct the ſtubborn helm,
Mid wild diſcordant waves, with ſteady courſe?
Can ye lead out, to diſtant colonies,
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
Brethren, by impious perſecution driven,
And arm their breaſts with fortitude to try
New regions; climes, though barren, yet beyond
The baneful power of tyrants? Theſe are deeds

To

To which their hardy labors well prepare
The ſinewy arm of Albion's ſons. Purſue,
Ye ſons of Albion, with a yielding heart,
Your hardy labours: let the ſounding loom
Mix with the melody of every vale;
The loom, that long-renown'd, wide-envy'd gift
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd
From fair Venetia; ſhe from Grecian nymphs;
They from Phenicé, who obtain'd the dole
From old Ægyptus. Thus around the globe,
The golden-footed ſciences their path
Mark, like the ſun, enkindling life and joy;
And follow'd cloſe by Ignorance and Pride,
Lead Day and Night o'er realms. Our day aroſe
When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld.
With ſpeedy wing, and ſcatter'd courſe, they fled,
Like a community of bees, diſturb'd
By ſome relentleſs ſwain's rapacious hand;
While good Eliza, to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome; as wiſe Ægypt erſt
To troubled Nilus, whoſe nutritious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then, from fair Antwerp, an induſtrious train
Croſs'd the ſmooth channel of our ſmiling ſeas;
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
Of ſpacious Medway: ſome on gentle Yare,
And fertile Waveney, pitch'd; and made their ſeats
Pleaſant Norvicum, and Colceſtria's towers:

Some

Some to the Darent ſped their happy way:
Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, choſe
Antona's chalky plains, and ſtretch'd their tents
Down to Clauſentum, and that bay ſupine
Beneath the ſhade of Vecta's cliffy iſle.
Soon o'er the hoſpitable realm they ſpread,
With cheer reviv'd; and in Sabrina's flood,
And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd:
Not undelighted with Vigornia's ſpires,
Nor thoſe, by Vaga's ſtream, from ruins rais'd
Of ancient Ariconium; nor leſs pleas'd
With Salop's various ſcenes; and that ſoft tract
Of Cambria, deep-embay'd Dimetian land,
By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd;
Nurſe of the ruſtic bard, who now reſounds
The fortunes of the fleece; whoſe anceſtors
Were fugitives from Superſtition's rage,
And erſt, from Devon, thither brought the loom;
Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's towers,
Nodding, ſtill on their gloomy brows project
Lancaſtria's arms, emboſs'd in mouldering ſtone.

Thus, then, on Albion's coaſt, the exil'd band,
From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheld, alighted; and, alighting, ſang
Grateful thankſgiving. Yet, at times, they ſhift
Their habitations, when the hand of Pride,
Reſtraint, or ſouthern Luxury, diſturbs
Their induſtry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
Inſpirited, their art improves the fleece,

Which

Which occupation erſt, and wealth immenſe,
Gave Brabant's ſwarming habitants, what time
We were their ſhepherds only; from which ſtate,
With friendly arm, they rais'd us: nathleſs ſome
Among our old and ſtubborn ſwains miſdeem'd,
And envy'd, who enrich'd them; envy'd thoſe,
Whoſe virtues taught the varletry of towns
To uſeful toil to turn the pilfering hand.
And ſtill, when bigotry's black clouds ariſe,
(For oft they ſudden riſe in papal realms),
They, from their iſle, as from ſome ark ſecure,
Careleſs, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of Superſtition, and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling ſtorm,
Which fierce purſues the ſufferers in their flight.
Shall not our gates, ſhall not Britannia's arms,
Spread ever open to receive their flight?
A virtuous people, by diſtreſſes oft
(Diſtreſſes for the ſake of Truth endur'd)
Corrected, dignify'd; creating good
Where-ever they inhabit: this, our iſle
Has oft experienc'd; witneſs all ye realms
Of either hemiſphere, where commerce flows:
Th' important truth is ſtampt on every bale;
Each gloſſy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,
Receives th' impreſſion; every airy woof,
Cheyney, and bayſe, and ſerge, and alepine,
Tammy, and crape, and the long countleſs liſt
Of woollen webs; and every work of ſteel;
And that cryſtalline metal, blown or fus'd,

Limpid

Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
Of moſſy marble: not to name the aids
Their wit has given the fleece, now taught to link
With flax, or cotton, or the ſilk-worm's thread,
And gain the graces of variety:
Whether to form the matron's decent robe,
Or the thin-ſhading trail for Agra's * nymphs;
Or ſolemn curtains, whoſe long gloomy folds
Surround the ſoft pavilions of the rich.
They too the many-colour'd arras taught
To mimic nature, and the airy ſhapes
Of ſportive fancy: ſuch as oft appear
In old Moſaic pavements, when the plough
Up-turns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field;
Or that, o'erſhaded erſt by Woodſtock's bower,
Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whoſe ſtately rooms
Riſe glowing tapeſtries, that lure the eye
With Marlborough's wars: here Schellenbergh exults,
Behind ſurrounding hills of ramparts ſteep,
And vales of trenches dark; each hideous paſs
Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
Another ſcene is Blenheim's glorious field,
And the red Danube. Here, the reſcued ſtates
Crowding beneath his ſhield: there, Ramillies'

* There is woven at Mancheſter, for the Eaſt-Indies, a very thin ſtuff, of thread and cotton; which is cooler than the manufactures of that country where the material is only cotton.

Important

Important battle: next, the tenfold chain
Of Arleux burſt, and th' adamantine gates
Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
A ſhade obſcures the reſt—Ah, then, what power
Invidious from the lifted ſickle ſnatch'd
The harveſt of the plain? So lively glows
The fair deluſion, that our paſſions riſe
In the beholding, and the glories ſhare
Of viſionary battle. This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of pagan hands,
While ſhe aſſay'd, with rage of holy war,
To deſolate their fields: but old the ſkill:
Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms renown'd;
Tyre alſo, wealthy ſeat of arts, excell'd,
And elder Sidon, in th' hiſtoric web.
Far-diſtant Tibet in her gloomy woods
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven,
And glutinous materials: the Chineſe
Their porcelain, Japan its varniſh boaſts.
Some fair peculiar graces every realm,
And each from each a ſhare of wealth acquires.
But chief by numbers of induſtrious hands
A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raiſe
Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells,
There will be Traffick's ſeat; there will ſhe build
Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy ſwains,
With hoſpitality inflame your breaſt,
And emulation: the whole world receive,
And with their arts, their virtues, deck your iſle.
Each clime, each ſea, the ſpacious orb of each,

Shall

Shall join their various ſtores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed,
Active and enterprizing, or to teach
The ſtream a naval courſe, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or ſtretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep.
Why to the narrow circle of our coaſt
Should we ſubmit our limits, while each wind
Aſſiſts the ſtream and ſail, and the wide main
Wooes us in every port? See Belgium build,
Upon the foodful brine, her envy'd power;
And, half her people floating on the wave,
Expand her fiſhy regions. Thus our iſle,
Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.—
But whither, by the viſions of the theme
Smit with ſublime delight, but whither ſtrays
The raptur'd Muſe, forgetful of her taſk?
No common pleaſure warms the generous mind,
When it beholds the labors of the loom;
How widely round the globe they are diſpers'd,
From little tenements by wood or croft,
Through many a ſlender path, how ſedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they ſpeed their way
To public roads, to Foſſe, or Watling-ſtreet,
Or Armine, ancient works: and thence explore,
Through every navigable wave, the ſea,
That laps the green earth round: through Tyne, and Tees,
Through Weare, and Lune, and merchandizing Hull,
And

And Swale, and Aire, whoſe cryſtal waves reflect
The various colours of the tinctur'd web;
Through Ken, ſwift rolling down his rocky dale,
Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
Curbing his train, and, with the ſober pace
Of cautious Eld, meandering to the deep;
Through Dart, and ſullen Exe, whoſe murmuring wave
Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
The ſerge and kerſie to their blanching ſtreams;
Through Towy, winding under Merlin's towers,
And Uſk, that frequent, among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints th' impending ſcene,
Wild torrents, craggs, and woods, and mountain ſnows.
The northern Cambrians, an induſtrious tribe,
Carry their labors on pigmean ſteeds,
Of ſize exceeding not Leiceſtrian ſheep,
Yet ſtrong and ſprightly: over hill and dale
They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
In Salop's ſtreets, beneath whoſe lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
And ſpreads the ſwelling ſheet. For no-where far
From ſome tranſparent river's naval courſe
Ariſe, and fall, our various hills and vales,
No-where far diſtant from the maſted wharf,
We need not vex the ſtrong laborious hand
With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,
Who join'd the ſable waters of the Nile,
From Memphis' towers, to th' Erythræan gulph:

Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whoſe will imperious forc'd an hundred ſtreams,
Through many a foreſt, many a ſpacious wild,
To ſtretch their ſcanty trains from ſea to ſea,
That ſome unprofitable ſkiff might float
Acroſs irriguous dales, and hollow'd rocks.

Far eaſier pains may ſwell our gentler floods,
And through the centre of the iſle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone diſparted, woo to join
Majeſtic Thamis. With their ſilver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the ſprings
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to ſpeed
And celebrate the union; and the light
Wood-nymphs; and thoſe, who o'er the grots preſide,
Whoſe ſtores bituminous, with ſparkling fires,
In ſummer's tedious abſence, chear the ſwains,
Long ſitting at the loom; and thoſe beſides,
Who crown, with yellow ſheaves, the farmer's hopes,
And all the genii of commercial toil:
Theſe on the dewy lawns await, to ſpeed
And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
And gloſſy web, to every port around
May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,
Adown a thouſand floods, the burden'd barks,
With white ſails gliſtening, through the gloomy woods
Haſte to their harbours. See the ſilver maze
Of ſtately Thamis, ever chequer'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding ſmooth

And conſtant as his ſtream: in growing pomp,
By Neptune ſtill attended, ſlow he rolls
To great Auguſta's mart, where lofty Trade,
Amid a thouſand golden ſpires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world: the ſtrand around
Cloſe ſwarms with buſy crowds of many a realm.
What bales, what wealth, what induſtry, what fleets!
Lo, from the ſimple fleece how much proceeds.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

OUR manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the Coaſt of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Addreſs to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Peterſburgh. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern courſe thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the ſlave trade The Cape of Good Hope, and the eaſtern coaſt of Africa. Trade to Perſia and Indoſtan precarious, through tyranny and frequent inſurrections. Diſputes between the French and Engliſh, on the coaſt of Coromandel, cenſured. A proſpect of the Spice-iſlands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin, by the caravans from Ruſſia. Deſcription of that journey. Tranſition to the weſtern hemiſphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The ſtate and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in thoſe climates: hence the paſſage through Hudſon's-Bay impracticable. Enquiries for an eaſier paſſage into

into the Pacific ocean. View of the coaſts of South America, and of thoſe tempeſtuous ſeas. Lord Anſon's expedition, and ſucceſs againſt the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain conſiſtent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the diſtribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

NOW, with our woolly treaſures amply ſtor'd,
Glide the tall fleets into the widening main,
A floating foreſt: every ſail, unfurl'd,
Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure ſky.
Meantime, in pleaſing care, the pilot ſteers
Steady; with eye intent upon the ſteel,
Steady, before the breeze, the pilot ſteers:
While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prows
Dance, like a ſhoal of dolphins, and begin
To ſtreak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's ſhallow ſounds by ſome are ſought,
Or ſandy Elb or Weſer, who receive
The ſwain's and peaſant's toil with grateful hand,
Which copious gives return: while ſome explore
Deep Finnic gulphs, and a new ſhore and mart,
The bold creation of that Keſar's power,
Illuſtrious Peter, whoſe magnific toils
Repair the diſtant Caſpian, and reſtore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's ſtrand,
And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn.
Soon ſinks away the green and level beach

Of Rumney mariſh and Rye's ſilent port,
By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's iſle,
Like the pale moon in vapor, faintly bright.
An hundred opening marts are ſeen, are loſt;
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecomb mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious ſcene.
Yet ſteady o'er the waves they ſteer: and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,
In boundleſs magnitude, around them ſwells;
O'er whoſe imaginary brim, nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft: heaven's azure vault
Bends over-head, majeſtic, to its baſe,
Uninterrupted clear circumference;
Till, riſing o'er the flickering waves, the cape
Of Finiſterre, a cloudy ſpot, appears.
Again, and oft, th' adventurous ſails diſperſe;
Theſe to Iberia, others to the coaſt
Of Luſitania, th' ancient Tharſis deem'd
Of Solomon; fair regions, with the webs
Of Norwich pleas'd, or thoſe of Mancheſter;
Light airy cloathing for their vacant ſwains,
And viſionary monks. We, in return,
Receive Cantabrian ſteel, and fleeces ſoft,
Segovian or Caſtilian, far renown'd;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill
Powerful incentive: or Heſperian fruits,

Fruits

Fruits of ſpontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-chearing wine.
Thoſe ſhips, from ocean broad, which voyage through
The gates of Hercules *, find many ſeas,
And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels;
But ſhores inhoſpitable oft, to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracts become
Of deſolation. The proud Roman coaſts,
Fall'n, like the Punic, to the daſhing waves
Reſign their ruins: Tiber's boaſted flood,
Whoſe pompous moles o'erlook'd the ſubject deep,
Now creeps along, through brakes and yellow duſt,
While Neptune ſcarce perceives its murmuring rill:
Such are th' effects, when Virtue ſlacks her hand;
Wild Nature back returns: along theſe ſhores
Neglected trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting ſlender ſtores, the ſun-dry'd grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taſte
Of luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile ſtrand,
Bereft of human diſcipline, has loſt
Its ancient luſtre: Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre,
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the numerous marts,
That in thoſe glittering ſeas with ſplendor roſe,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar ſite,
Remains in proſperous ſtate; and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, ſacred ever to the Muſe.

* The ſtreights of Gibraltar.

To theſe reſort the delegates of trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood;
And bales of ſofteſt wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, diſpenſe; yet ſee, with vain regret,
Their ſtores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or ſought, or valued: copious webs arrive,
Smooth-wov'n of other than Britannia's fleece,
On the throng'd ſtrand alluring; the great ſkill
Of Gaul, and greater induſtry, prevails;
That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—'tis not—
Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within,
Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe;
'Tis he, who pours into the ſhops of trade
That impious poiſon: it is he, who gains
The ſacred ſeat of parliament by means,
That vitiate and emaſculate the mind;
By ſloth, by lewd intemperance, and a ſcene
Of riot, worſe than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this the Tartar, and remote Chineſe,
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.

Meantime (while thoſe, who dare be juſt, oppoſe
The various powers of many-headed vice)
Ye delegates of trade, by patience riſe
O'er difficulties: in this ſultry clime
Note what is found of uſe: the flix of goat,
Red-wool, and balm, and caufee's berry brown,
Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
Unnumber'd arts await them: trifles oft,
By ſkilful labour, riſe to high eſteem.

Nor

Nor what the peaſant, near ſome lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simoïs, or Mæander flow,
Renown'd in ſtory, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vaſe,
Statue, and buſt, of old magnificence
Beautiful reliques: oh, could modern time
Reſtore the mimic art, and the clear mien
Of patriot ſages, Walſinghams and Yorkes,
And Cecils, in long-laſting ſtone preſerve!
But mimic art and nature are impair'd—
Impair'd they ſeem—or in a varied dreſs
Delude our eyes: the world in change delights;
Change then your ſearches, with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabean frankincenſe
Rare is collected now: few altars ſmoke
Now in the idol fane: Panchaiah views
Trade's buſy fleets regardleſs paſs her coaſt:
Nor frequent are the freights of ſnow-white woofs,
Since Rome, no more the miſtreſs of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd ſtreets
With gloomy coul, majeſtical no more.
See the dark ſpirit of tyrannic power.
The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval ſtreams,
And the Mœotis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hoſtile battlement: in aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not: inſolent of rule, he ſpreads
Thraldom and deſolation o'er his realms.

Another

Another path to Scythia's wide domains
Commerce diſcovers: the Livonian gulph
Receives her ſails, and leads them to the port
Of riſing Peterſburgh, whoſe ſplendid ſtreets
Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Coſſac there,
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
In crowds reſort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
Delighted; and the hardy Samoïd,
Rough with the ſtings of froſt, from his dark caves
Aſcends, and thither haſtes, ere winter's rage
O'ertake his homeward ſtep; and they that dwell
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's ſtreams;
And borderers of the Caſpian, who renew
That ancient path to India's climes, which fill'd
With proudeſt affluence the Colchian ſtate.

Many have been the ways to thoſe renown'd
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
To Memphis; to the port of wealthy Tyre;
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderneſs,
Who down the long Euphrates ſent her ſails;
And ſacred Salem, when her numerous fleets,
From Ezion-geber, paſs'd th' Arabian gulph.

But later times, more fortunate, have found,
O'er ocean's open wave, a ſurer courſe,
Sailing the weſtern coaſt of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracts,
And iſlands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
But not of modern, by the virtue led
Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe

Is now, of commerce, made the ſcene immenſe,
Which daring ſhips frequent, aſſociated,
Like doves, or ſwallows, in th' ethereal flood,
Or, like the eagle, ſolitary ſeen.
Some, with more open courſe, to Indus ſteer;
Some coaſt from port to port, with various men
And manners converſant; of th' angry ſurge,
That thunders loud, and ſpreads the cliffs with foam,
Regardleſs, or the monſters of the deep,
Porpoiſe, or grampus, or the ravenous ſhark,
That chace their keels; or threatening rock, o'erhead
Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks,
Reckleſs, they furl their ſails, and bartering take,
Soft flakes of wool; for in ſoft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.
The ſhores of Sus inhoſpitable riſe,
And high Bojador; Zara too diſplays
Unfruitful deſerts; Gambia's wave iniſles
An ouzy coaſt, and peſtilential ills
Diffuſes wide; behind are burning ſands,
Adverſe to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.
On Guinea's ſultry ſand, the drapery light
Of Mancheſter or Norwich is beſtow'd
For clear tranſparent gums, and ductile wax,
And ſnow-white ivory; yet the valued trade,
Along this barbarous coaſt, in telling, wounds
The generous heart, the ſale of wretched ſlaves;
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long ſervitude; ſevere exchange!
Theſe till our fertile colonies, which yield

The ſugar-cane, and the Tobago-leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increaſing navies to their crouded wharfs.
But let the man, whoſe rough tempeſtuous hours
In this adventurous traffic are involv'd,
With juſt humanity of heart purſue
The gainful commerce: wickedneſs is blind:
Their ſable chieftains may in future times
Burſt their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.
Hot Guinea too gives yellow duſt of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the ſides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And ſandy deſerts, rous'd by ſudden ſtorms,
All ſearch forbid: howe'er, on either hand,
Vallies and pleaſant plains, and many a tract
Deem'd uninhabitable erſt, are found
Fertile and populous: their ſable tribes,
In ſhade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool deſcent of rain,
And ſoft refreſhing breezes: nor are lakes
Here wanting; thoſe a ſea-wide ſurface ſpread,
Which to the diſtant Nile and Senegal
Send long mæanders: whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, ignorance o'ercaſts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coaſt
Is ſeldom viſited; and the rough ſhore
Of Caffres, land of ſavage Hottentots,
Whoſe hands unnatural haſten to the grave

Their

Their aged parents: what barbarity
And brutal ignorance, where ſocial trade
Is held contemptible! Ye gliding ſails,
From theſe inhoſpitable gloomy ſhores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the chearful mariner good hope
Of proſperous voyage, ſteer: rejoice to view,
What trade, with Belgian induſtry, creates,
Proſpects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in huſk or gloſſy rind:
There the capacious vaſe from cryſtal ſprings
Repleniſh, and convenient ſtore provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.
See, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the ſmell of balms, how traffic ſhapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coaſt
Of Sofala, thought Ophir; in whoſe hills
Ev'n yet ſome portion of its ancient wealth
Remains, and ſparkles in the yellow ſand
Of its clear ſtreams, though unregarded now;
Ophirs more rich are found. With eaſy courſe
The veſſels glide; unleſs their ſpeed be ſtop'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on thoſe ſmooth ſeas
While every zephyr ſleeps: then the ſhrouds drop;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat ſea ſhines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of ſome old temple wide. But where ſo wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor

Did

Did ever temple boaſt as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At ſolemn diſtances its pillars riſe,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy ſteeps,
And lofty Madagaſcar's glittering ſhores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And gloſſy ſhells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.
Such calm oft checks their courſe, till this bright ſcene
Is bruſh'd away before the riſing breeze,
That joys the buſy crew, and ſpeeds again
The ſail full-ſwelling to Socotra's iſle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whoſe ſtreets are oft
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighbouring provinces and realms afar;
And fill'd with plenty, though dry ſandy waſtes
Spread naked round; ſo great the power of trade.
Perſia few ports; more happy Indoſtan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coaſts,
And Bombay's wealthy iſle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the ſhade of cocoa groves.
But what avails, or many ports or few?
Where wild ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up; while fell revenge and famine lead
To havoc, reckleſs of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies: oft in vain
The merchant ſeeks upon the ſtrand, whom erſt,
Aſſociated by trade, he deck'd and cloath'd;
In vain, whom rage or famine has devour'd,

He

He ſeeks; and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile-up blue indigo, and, of frequent uſe,
Pungent ſalt-petre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd ſaps from leaf and flower,
And various gums; the clothier knows their worth;
And wool reſembling cotton, ſhorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly; whether mixt
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or ſofter ſilk's material: though its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not; let none deem
The fleece, in any traffic, unconcern'd;
By every traffic aided; while each work
Of art yields wealth to exerciſe the loom,
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
Which Leeds, or Cairo, Lima, or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Though all, unconſcious of the union, act.
Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or ſultry Malabar; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coaſts the ſhores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick riſing iſles;
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks;
Green-riſing Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills;
And the minute Maldivias, as a ſwarm
Of bees in ſummer, on a poplar's trunk,
Cluſtering innumerable; theſe behind
His ſtern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's grey peaks, from whoſe volcano's riſe

Dark

Dark ſmoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Daring in air aloft; around whoſe feet
Blue cliffs aſcend, and aromatic groves,
In various proſpect; Ceylon alſo deem'd
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vaſt globe the deepeſt, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich diſputed ſtrand
Of Cor'mandel, where traffic grieves to ſee
Diſcord and avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons, and ye Gauls;
Nation to Nation is a light, a fire,
Enkindling virtue, ſciences, and arts:
But cries aloud in vain. Yet wiſe defence,
Againſt ambition's wide-deſtroying pride,
Madraſs erected, and Saint David's fort,
And thoſe which riſe on Ganges' twenty ſtreams,
Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tower,
And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
The ſhining bales our factors deal abroad,
And ſee the country's products, in exchange,
Before them heap'd: cotton's tranſparent webs,
Aloes, and caſſia, ſalutiferous drugs,
Alom, and lacque, and clouded tortoiſeſhell,
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
Britannia's blooming Nymphs. For theſe, o'er all
The kingdoms round, our draperies are diſpers'd,
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
And Caſſimere, and Atoc, on the ſtream
Of old Hydaſpes, Porus' hardy realm;

And

And late-diſcover'd Tibet, where the fleece,
By art peculiar, is compreſs'd and wrought
To threadleſs drapery, which, in conic forms,
Of various hues, their gaudy roofs adorns.
The keels which voyage through Molucca's ſtraits,
Amid a cloud of ſpicy odours, ſail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whoſe woods
Yield fiery pepper, that deſtroys the moth
In woolly veſtures: Ternate and Tidore
Give to the feſtal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to thoſe narrow bounds confin'd;
While gracious Nature, with unſparing hand,
The needs of life o'er every region pours.
Near thoſe delicious iſles, the beauteous coaſt
Of China rears its ſummits. Know ye not,
Ye ſons of trade, that ever-flowery ſhore,
Thoſe azure hills, thoſe woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall gloſſy towers of porcelane,
And pillar'd pagods ſhine; rejoic'd they ſee
The port of Canton opening to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor.
Upon the ſtrand they heap their gloſſy bales,
And works of Birmingham, in braſs or ſteel,
And flint, and ponderous lead from deep cells rais'd,
Fit ballaſt in the fury of the ſtorm,
That tears the ſhrouds, and bends the ſtubborn maſt:
Theſe, for the artiſts of the fleece, procure
Various materials; and, for affluent life,

The flavour'd thea and gloſſy painted vaſe;
Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
In temperance us'd, delectable and good.
They too from hence receive the ſtrongeſt thread
Of the green ſilkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renown'd and ancient land, ſecure
In conſtant peace and commerce; till'd to th' height
Of rich fertility; where, thick as ſtars,
Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
And rock, and ſhady dale; ev'n on the waves
Of copious rivers, lakes, and bordering ſeas,
Riſe floating villages; no wonder; when,
In every province, firm and level roads,
And long canals, and navigable ſtreams,
Ever, with eaſe, conduct the works of toil
To ſure and ſpeedy markets, through the length
Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
To the imperial towers of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and thoſe of Exe and Frome,
And Yare, and Avon ſlow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Ruſſic caravans are brought,
Through Scythia's numerous regions, waſte and wild,
Journey immenſe! which, to th' attentive ear,
The Muſe, in faithful notes, ſhall brief deſcribe.
From the proud mart of Peterſburg, ere-while
The watery ſeat of deſolation wide,
Iſſue theſe trading caravans, and urge,
Through dazzling ſnows, their dreary trackleſs road;
By compaſs ſteering oft, from week to week,

From

From month to month; whole ſeaſons view their toils.
Neva they paſs, and Keſma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,
Threatening in vain; and many a cataract,
In its fall ſtopt, and bound with bars of ice.
Cloſe on the left unnumber'd tracts they view
White with continual froſt; and on the right
The Caſpian-lake, and ever-flowery realms,
Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are deſtin'd to the ſword; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcaſes, or under foot
Thick ſtrown; while, in their rough bewilder'd vales,
The blooming roſe its fragrance breathes in vain,
And ſilver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.
Sometimes o'er level ways, on eaſy ſleds,
The generous horſe conveys the ſons of trade;
And ever and anon the docile dog;
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace,
Skims over icy lakes; now ſlow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown deſcend
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds
The roofs of Tobol, whoſe hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the riſing moon, through watery miſts:
Tobol, th' abode of thoſe unfortunate
Exiles of angry ſtate, and thralls of war;
Solemn fraternity! where carl, and prince,
Soldier, and ſtateſman, and uncreſted chief,
On the dark level of adverſity,

Converſe familiar; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thirſt, and nakedneſs,
Their little public ſmiles, and the bright ſparks
Of trade are kindled: trade ariſes oft,
And virtue, from adverſity and want:
Be witneſs, Carthage; witneſs, ancient Tyre;
And thou, Batavia, daughter of diſtreſs.
This, with his hands, which erſt the truncheon held,
The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves
The flexile willow; that the mattoc drives:
All are employ'd; and by their works acquire
Our fleecy veſtures. From their tenements,
Pleas'd and refreſh'd, proceeds the caravan
Through lively-ſpreading cultures, paſtures green,
And yellow tillages in opening woods:
Thence on, through Narim's wilds, a pathleſs road
They force, with rough entangling thorns perplext;
Land of the lazy Oſtiacs, thin diſpers'd,
Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
Tenfold augmented; miſerable tribe,
Void of commercial comforts: who, nor corn,
Nor pulſe, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
Know to procure; nor ſpade, nor ſcythe, nor ſhare,
Nor ſocial aid: beneath their thorny bed
The ſerpent hiſſes, while in thickets nigh
Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
And paſs by ſpacious lakes, begirt with rocks
And azure mountains; and the heights admire
Of white Imaus, whoſe ſnow-nodding craggs
Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns

Pour

Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous ſtreams
Of Oby, and Irtis, and Jeniſca, ſwift,
Which ruſh upon the northern pole, upheave
Its frozen ſeas, and lift their hills of ice.
These rugged paths and ſavage landſcapes paſs'd,
A new ſcene ſtrikes their eyes: among the clouds
Aloft they view, what ſeems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work; that matchleſs work of art,
The wall of Sina, by Chihoham's power,
In earlieſt times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are ſeen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vaſt extent, beyond the length
Of many a potent empire; towers and ports,
Three times a thouſand, lift thereon their brows
At equal ſpaces, and in proſpect 'round
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.
At length the gloomy paſſage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whoſe opening folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering ſpires
The deſtin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.
Thus are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's diſtant realm, the utmoſt bound
Of the flat floor of ſtedfaſt Earth; for ſo
Fabled Antiquity, ere peaceful Trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.
Now to the other hemiſphere, my Muſe,
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the firſt of the harmonious Nine
From high Parnaſſus, the unweary'd toils

Of induſtry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful ſong.
Happy the voyage, o'er th' Atlantic brine,
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy,
When he diſcern'd, above the foamy ſurge,
A riſing coaſt, for future colonies,
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of labour: thither, from the wrongs
Of lawleſs rule, the free-born ſpirit flies;
Thither Affliction, thither Poverty,
And Arts and Sciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' aſylum of mankind!
But joy ſuperior far his boſom warms,
Who views thoſe ſhores in every culture dreſs'd;
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley; and his countrymen
Form'd into various ſtates, powerful and rich,
In regions far remote: who from our looms
Take largely for themſelves, and for thoſe tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new deſires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And ſpread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.
Ye, who the ſhuttle caſt along the loom,
The ſilk-worm's thread inweaving with the fleece,

Pray

Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,
Nor ſlight the green Savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods ariſe
Of mulberries, and in whoſe water'd fields
Up-ſprings the verdant blade of thirſty rice.
Where are the happy regions, which afford
More implements of commerce, and of wealth?
Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
Which overſhades ſome cryſtal river, ſpreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a ſpacious realm, rewards
The fleecy ſhuttle: to her growing marts,
The Iroqueſe, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth,
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taſte.
Bluſh, Europeans, whom the circling cup
Of Luxury intoxicates; ye routs,
Who, for your crimes, have fled your native land;
And ye voluptuous idle, who, in vain,
Seek eaſy habitations, void of care:
The ſons of nature, with aſtoniſhment,
And deteſtation, mark your evil deeds;
And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveleſs arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.
See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Maſſachuſet, happy in thoſe arts
That join the politics of Trade and War,
Bearing the palm in either: they appear

Better exemplars; and that hardy crew,
Who, on the frozen beach of Newfoundland,
Hang their white fiſh amid the parching winds:
The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,
Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly warmth,
And frize of Cambria, worn by thoſe, who ſeek,
Through gulphs and dales of Hudſon's winding bay,
The beaver's fur, though oft they ſeek in vain,
While Winter's froſty rigor checks approach,
Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
(If ye, the travel'd ſons of commerce, know),
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the ſun's annual courſe, in chains of ice?
While the Rhine's fertile ſhore, and Gallic realms,
By the ſame zone encircled, long enjoy
Warm beams of Phœbus, and, ſupine, behold
Their plains and hillocks bluſh with cluſtering vines.
Muſt it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty Labor drain their guſty lakes,
Enlarge the brightening ſky, and, peopling, warm
The opening vallies, and the yellowing plains?
Or rather ſhall we burſt ſtrong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And through the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuſe? Are not her iſles
Numerous and large? Have they not harbours calm,
Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
Peculiar ſciences, and other forms
Of trade, and uſeful products, to exchange
For woolly veſtures? 'Tis a tedious courſe

By

By the Antarctic circle: nor beyond
Thoſe ſea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's iſle
The ſtandard of Britannia ſhall ariſe.
Proud Buenos Aires, low-couched Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hoſtile eye,
The labouring veſſel: neither may we truſt
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind. No traffic there,
No barter for the fleece. There angry ſtorms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye adventurous mariners,
Be firm; take courage from the brave. 'Twas there
Perils and conflicts inexpreſſible
Anſon, with ſteady undeſpairing breaſt,
Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chac'd
His country's foes. Faſt-gathering tempeſts rouz'd
Huge ocean, and involv'd him: all around
Whirlwind, and ſnow, and hail, and horror: now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Deſcending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyſs;
And now the ſtars, upon the loftieſt point
Toſs'd of the ſky-mix'd ſurges. Oft the burſt
Of loudeſt thunder, with the daſh of ſeas,
Tore the wild-flying ſails and tumbling maſts;
While flames, thick-flaſhing in the gloom, reveal'd
Ruins of decks and ſhrouds, and fights of death.

Yet

Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his chear,
Gaining, at intervals, ſlow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge,
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inacceſſible
Wreck-threatening Staten-lands o'erhanging ſhore,
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Poſture of falling; as when Pelion, rear'd,
On Oſſa, and on Oſſa's tottering head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.
At length, through every tempeſt, as ſome branch,
Which from a poplar falls into a loud
Impetuous cataract, though deep immers'd,
Yet re-aſcends, and glides, on lake or ſtream,
Smooth through the vallies; ſo his way he won
To the ſerene Pacific, flood immenſe,
And rear'd his lofty maſts, and ſpread his ſails.
Then Paita's walls, in waſting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occaſion gave
To ſhew humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe ſecure to pride
And violence: although the far-ſtretch'd coaſt
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cauſe; though fell Diſeaſe,
Un'bating Labor, tedious Time, conſpir'd,
And Heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Though that wide ſea, which ſpreads o'er half the world,

Deny'd

Deny'd all hoſpitable land or port;
Where, ſeaſons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in th' abyſs, whereon
To drop the faſtening anchor; though his brave
Companions ceas'd, ſubdued by toil extreme;
Though ſolitary left in Tinian's ſeas,
Where never was before the dreaded ſound
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought, the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes!
Rejoice, ye nations, vindicate the ſway
Ordain'd for common happineſs. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whoſe fertile earth
By Ocean's briny waves are circumſcrib'd,
The armed hoſt, and murdering ſword of war,
And conqueſt o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks
Her ſolemn compacts, in the luſt of rule:
Studious of arts and trade, ſhe ne'er diſturbs
The holy peace of ſtates. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and ſpread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of Toil, and what her fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her ſkilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye too rejoice, ye ſwains;
Increaſing commerce ſhall reward your cares.
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup, which luxury on careleſs wealth,
Pernicious gift, beſtows; a day will come,

When,

When, through new channels ſailing, we ſhall clothe
The Californian coaſt, and all the realms
That ſtretch from Anian's ſtreights to proud Japan;
And the green iſles, which on the left ariſe
Upon the glaſſy brine, whoſe various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the ſailors chart:
Then every variation ſhall be told
Of the magnetic ſteel; and currents mark'd,
Which drive the heedleſs veſſel from her courſe.
That portion too of land, a tract immenſe,
Beneath th' Antarctic ſpread, ſhall then be known,
And new plantations on its coaſt ariſe.
Then rigid Winter's ice no more ſhall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the ſoft fleece ſhall every-where be cloath'd.
Th' exulting Muſe ſhall then, in vigor freſh,
Her flight renew. Mean-while, with weary wing,
O'er Ocean's wave returning, ſhe explores
Siluria's flowery vales, her old delight,
The ſhepherd's haunts, where the firſt ſprings ariſe
Of Britain's happy trade, now ſpreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific ſeas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

THE COUNTRY WALK.

THE morning 's fair, the luſty ſun
With ruddy cheek begins to run;
And early birds, that wing the ſkies,
Sweetly ſing to ſee him riſe.
I am reſolv'd, this charming day,
In the open field to ſtray;
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I ſee
A beautiful variety
Of ſtrutting cocks, advancing ſtout,
And flirting empty chaff about.
Hens, ducks, and geeſe, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food;
While ruſtics thraſh the wealthy floor,
And tempt all to crowd the door.
What a fair face does Nature ſhow?
Auguſta, wipe thy duſty brow;
A landſkip wide ſalutes my ſight,
Of ſhady vales, and mountains bright;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of ſilver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thouſand flaming flowers glow;
And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
With honey-ſuckles ſmelling ſweet.
Now o'er the daiſy meads I ſtray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,

Sweetly

Sweetly ſhining on the eye,
A rivulet gliding ſmoothly by;
Which ſhews with what an eaſy tide
The moments of the happy glide.
Here, finding pleaſure after pain,
Sleeping, I ſee a wearied ſwain,
While his full ſcrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food ſupply.
Happy ſwain, ſure happier far
Than lofty kings and princes are!
Enjoy ſweet ſleep, which ſhuns the crown,
With all its eaſy beds of down.
The ſun now ſhows his noon-tide blaze,
And ſheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the ſhade that groves beſtow;
And on green moſs I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is ſilent, but ſome flood
That ſweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the ſprays,
And charm ev'n Silence with her lays.
Oh powerful Silence, how you reign
In the Poet's buſy brain!
His numerous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful water-falls,
Like moles, whene'er the coaſt is clear,
They riſe before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.

Some

Some wildly to Parnaſſus wing,
And view the fair Caſtalian ſpring;
Where they behold a lonely well,
Where now no tuneful Muſes dwell;
But now and then a ſlaviſh hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.
Some trace the pleaſing paths of joy,
Others the bliſsful ſcene deſtroy;
In thorny tracks of ſorrow ſtray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But ſtay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So ſmooth! ſo ſweet! ſo deep! ſo clear!
No, 'tis not her voice I find,
'Tis but the echo ſtays behind.
Some meditate ambition's brow,
And the black gulph that gapes below:
Some peep in courts, and there they ſee
The ſneaking tribe of Flattery.
But, ſtriking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When ruſhing from yon ruſtling ſpray,
It made them vaniſh all away.
I rouze me up, and on I rove,
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The ſun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whiſper through the trees:
And, as I leave the ſylvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's ſmoky neſt I ſee,
Leaning on an aged tree;

Whoſe

Whoſe willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden ſway below.
Through ſpreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage ſweet, and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green, and young.
Here he puffs upon his ſpade,
And digs up cabbage in the ſhade:
His tatter'd rags are ſable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown:
The dying ſap deſcends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.
Up * Grongar hill I labour now,
And catch at laſt his buſhy brow.
Oh, how freſh, how pure the air!
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature? I deſcry
Thy magazine before me lie!
Temples!—and towns!—and towers!—and woods!
And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!
Crouding before me, edg'd around
With naked wilds, and barren ground.
See, below, the pleaſant dome,
The Poet's pride, the Poet's home,
Which the ſun-beams ſhine upon,
To the even, from the dawn.
See her woods, where Echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terras walks,

* A hill in South Wales.

Her

Her wilderneſſes, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers, and ſhining lakes.
Keep, ye gods, this humble ſeat,
For ever pleaſant, private, neat.
  See yonder hill, upriſing ſteep,
Above the river ſlow and deep:
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant foreſt hid;
On whoſe high top there riſes great,
The mighty remnant of a ſeat,
An old green tower, whoſe batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.
  Look upon that flowery plain,
How the ſheep ſurround their ſwain,
How they crowd to hear his ſtrain!
All careleſs with his legs acroſs,
Leaning on a bank of moſs,
He ſpends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.
  And there behold a bloomy mead,
A ſilver ſtream, a willow ſhade,
Beneath the ſhade of fiſher ſtand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.
  In bluſhes the deſcending ſun
Kiſſes the ſtreams, while ſlow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or duſky clouds do interpoſe.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;

And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund ſhepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which ſend up ſmoke in curling ſpires!
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To * Abergaſney I deſcend.
But, oh! how bleſs'd would be the day,
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and ſolitary ſtray.

THE ENQUIRY.

YE poor little ſheep, ah! well may ye ſtray,
While ſad is your ſhepherd, and Clio away!
Tell where have you been, have you met with my love,
On the mountain, or valley, or meadow, or grove?
Alas-aday, No—Ye are ſtray'd, and half dead;
Ye ſaw not my love, or ye all had been fed.
Oh, Sun, did you ſee her?—ah! ſurely you did:
'Mong what willows, or woodbines, or reeds, is ſhe hid?
Ye tall, whiſtling pines, that on yonder hill grow,
And o'erlook the beautiful valley below,
Did you ſee her a-roving in wood or in brake?
Or bathing her fair limbs in ſome ſilent lake?
Ye mountains, that look on the vigorous eaſt,
And the north, and the ſouth, and the weariſom weſt,

* The name of a ſeat belonging to the Author's brother.

Pray

Pray tell where ſhe hides her, you ſurely do know,
And let not her lover pine after her ſo.
Oh, had I the wings of an eagle, I'd fly
Along with bright Phœbus all over the ſky;
Like an eagle, look down, with my wings wide diſplay'd,
And dart in my eyes at each whiſpering ſhade:
I'd ſearch every tuft in my diligent tour,
I'd unravel the woodbines, and look in each bower,
Till I found out my Clio, and ended my pain,
And made myſelf quiet, and happy again.

AN EPISTLE TO A FAMOUS PAINTER.

DELIGHTFUL partner of my heart,
Maſter of the lovelieſt art!
How ſweet our ſenſes you deceive,
When we, a gazing throng, believe!
Here flows the Po!—The Minis there,
Winding about with ſedgy hair!
And there the Tyber's yellow flood,
Beneath a thick and gloomy wood!
And there Darius' broken ranks
Upon the Grannic's bloody banks;
Who bravely die, or baſely run
From Philip's all-ſubduing ſon!
And there the wounded Porus brought
(The braveſt man that ever fought!)
To Alexander's tent, who eyes
His dauntleſs viſage, as he lies
In death's moſt painful agonies.

To me reveal thy heavenly art,
To me thy myſteries impart.
As yet I but in verſe can paint,
And to th' idea colour faint
What to the open eye you ſhow,
Seeming Nature's living glow!
The beauteous ſhapes of objects near!
Or diſtant ones confus'd in air!
The golden eve, the bluſhing dawn,
Smiling on the lovely lawn!
And pleaſing views of chequer'd glades!
And rivers winding through the ſhades!
And ſunny hills!—and pleaſant plains!
And groups of merry nymphs and ſwains!
Or ſome old building, hid with graſs,
Rearing ſad its ruin'd face;
Whoſe columns, frizes, ſtatues, lie,
The grief and wonder of the eye!
Or ſwift adown a mountain tall:
A foaming cataract's ſounding fall;
Whoſe loud roaring ſtuns the ear
Of the wondering traveller!
Or a calm and quiet bay,
And a level ſhining ſea!
Or ſurges rough, that froth, and roar,
And, angry, daſh the ſounding ſhore!
And veſſels toſt! and billows high!
And lightning flaſhing from the ſky!
Or that which gives me moſt delight,
The fair idea (ſeeming ſight!)

Of

Of warrior fierce, with ſhining blade!
Or orator, with arms diſplay'd!
Tully's engaging air and mien,
Declaiming againſt Cataline.
Or fierce Achilles towering high
Above his foes, who round him die.
Or Hercules, with lion's hide,
And knotty cudgel, thrown aſide,
Lifting Antæus high in air!
Who, in his gripe, expires there!
Or Siſyphus, with toil and ſweat,
And muſcles ſtrain'd, ſtriving to get
Up a ſteep hill a ponderous ſtone,
Which near the top recoils, and rolls impetuous down.
Or beauteous Helen's eaſy air,
With head reclin'd, and flowing hair;
Or comely Paris, gay and young,
Moving with gallant grace along!
Theſe you can do!—I but advance
In a florid ignorance;
And ſay to you, who better know,
You ſhould deſign them ſo and ſo.

TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

On his POEM called GIDEON.

TELL me, wondrous friend, where were you
When Gideon was your lofty ſong!
Where did the heavenly ſpirit bear you,
When your fair ſoul reflected ſtrong

Gideon's actions, as they ſhin'd
Bright in the chambers of your mind!
Say, have you trod Arabia's ſpicy vales,
Or gather'd bays beſide Euphrates' ſtream,
Or lonely ſung with Jordan's water-falls,
While heavenly Gideon was your ſacred theme.
Or have you many ages given
To cloſe retirement and to books!
And held a long diſcourſe with Heaven,
And notic'd Nature in her various looks!
Full of inſpiring wonder and delight,
Slow read I Gideon with a greedy eye!
Like a pleas'd traveller that lingers ſweet
On ſome fair and lofty plain
Where the ſun does brightly ſhine,
And glorious proſpects all around him lie!
On Gideon's pages beautifully ſhine,
Surprizing pictures riſing to my ſight,
With all the life of colours and of line,
And all the force of rounding ſhade and light,
And all the grace of ſomething more divine!
High on a hill, beneath an oak's broad arm,
I ſee a youth divinely fair,
" Penſive he leans his head on his left hand;
" His ſmiling eye ſheds ſweetneſs mix'd with awe,
" His right hand, with a milk-white wand, ſome figure
" ſeems to draw!
" A nameleſs grace is ſcatter'd through his air,
" And o'er his ſhoulders looſely flows his amber-
" colour'd hair!"

Above,

Above, with burning bluſh the morning glows,
The waking world all fair before him lies;
" Slow from the plain the melting dews,
" To kiſs the ſun-beams, climbing, riſe," &c.
Methinks the grove of Baal I ſee,
In terraſs'd ſtages mount up high,
And wave its ſable beauties in the ſky,
" From ſtage to ſtage, broad ſteps of half-hid ſtone,
" With curling moſs and blady graſs o'ergrown,
" Lead awful ——
Down in a dungeon deep,
" Where through thick walls, oblique, the broken light
" From narrow loop-holes quivers to the ſight,
" With ſwift and furious ſtride,
" Cloſe-folded arms, and ſhort and ſudden ſtarts,
" The fretful prince, in dumb and ſullen pride,
" Revolves eſcape ——
Here in red colours glowing bold
A warlike figure ſtrikes my eye!
The dreadful ſudden fight his foes behold
Confounded ſo, they loſe the power to fly;
" Backening they gaze at diſtance on his face,
" Admire his poſture, and confeſs his grace;
" His right hand graſps his planted ſpear, &c."
Alas! my Muſe, through much good-will, you err:
And we the mighty author greatly wrong;
To gather beauties here and there,
As but a ſcatter'd few there were,
While every word 's a beauty in his ſong!

[Thoſe lines in this Poem marked thus " are taken out of the Poem called GIDEON.]

THE CHOICE.

To Mr. DYER. By AARON HILL, ESQ.

WHILE, charm'd with Aberglaſney's quiet plains,
The Muſes, and their Empreſs, court your ſtrains,
Tir'd of the noiſy town, ſo lately try'd,
Methinks, I ſee you ſmile, on Towy's ſide!
Penſive, her mazy wanderings you unwind,
And, on your river's margin, calm your mind.
Oh!—greatly bleſs'd—whate'er your fate requires,
Your ductile wiſdom tempers your deſires!
Balanc'd within, you look abroad ſerene,
And, marking both extremes, paſs clear between.
Oh! could your lov'd example teach your ſkill,
And, as it moves my wonder, mend my will!
Calm would my paſſions grow;—my lot would pleaſe;
And my ſick ſoul might think itſelf to eaſe!
But, to the future while I ſtrain my eye,
Each preſent good ſlips, undiſtinguiſh'd, by.
Still, what I would, contends with what I can,
And my wild wiſhes leap the bounds of man.
If in my power it lies to limit hope,
And my unchain'd deſires can fix a ſcope,
This were my Choice—Oh, Friend! pronounce me poor;
For I have wants, which wealth can never cure!
Let others, with a narrow'd ſtint of pride,
In ſelfiſh views, a bounded hope divide:

If

If I muſt wiſh at all—Deſires are free,
High, as the Higheſt, I would wiſh to be!
Then might I, ſole ſupreme, act, unconfin'd,
And with unbounded influence bleſs mankind.
Mean is that ſoul, whom its own good can fill!
A proſperous world, alone, could feaſt my will.
He's poor, at beſt, who others miſery ſees,
And wants the wiſh'd-for power to give them eaſe!
A glory this, unreach'd, but on a throne!
All were enough—and, leſs than all, is none!
This my firſt wiſh:—But ſince 'tis wild, and vain,
To graſp at glittering clouds, with fruitleſs pain,
More ſafely low, let my next proſpect be,
And life's mild evening this fair ſun-ſet ſee.
Far from a Lord's loath'd neighbourhood—a State!
Whoſe little greatneſs is a pride I hate!
On ſome lone wild, ſhould my large houſe be plac'd,
Vaſtly ſurrounded by a healthful waſte!
Steril, and coarſe, the untry'd ſoil ſhould be,
Till-forc'd to flouriſh, and ſubdued by me.
Seas, woods, meads, mountains, gardens, ſtreams, and ſkies,
Should, with a changeful grandeur, charm my eyes!
Where-e'er I walk'd, effects of my paſt pains
Should plume the mountain tops, and paint the plains,
Greatly obſcure, and ſhunning courts, or name!
Widely befriended, but eſcaping fame;
Peaceful, in ſtudious quiet, would I live,
Lie hid, for leiſure, and grow rich, to give!

TO MR. SAVAGE,

SON of the late EARL RIVERS.

SINK not, my friend, beneath misfortune's weight,
Pleas'd to be found intrinſically great.
Shame on the dull, who think the ſoul looks leſs,
Becauſe the body wants a glittering dreſs.
It is the mind's for-ever bright attire,
The mind's embroidery, that the wiſe admire!
That which looks rich to the groſs vulgar eyes,
Is the fop's tinſel, which the grave deſpiſe.
Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while they gaze,
The coxcomb 's ne'er diſcover'd in the blaze!
As few the vices of the wealthy ſee,
So virtues are conceal'd by poverty.
Earl Rivers!—In that name how would'ſt thou ſhine?
Thy verſe, how ſweet! thy fancy, how divine!
Critics and Bards would, by their worth, be aw'd,
And all would think it merit to applaud.
But thou has nought to pleaſe the vulgar eye,
No title haſt, nor what might titles buy.
Thou wilt ſmall praiſe, but much ill-nature find,
Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind;
And if, though few, they any faults can ſee,
How meanly bitter will cold cenſure be!
But, ſince we all, the wiſeſt of us, err,
Sure, 'tis the greateſt fault to be ſevere.

A few,

A few, however, yet expect to find,
Among the miſty millions of mankind,
Who proudly ſtoop to aid an injur'd cauſe,
And o'er the ſneer of coxcombs force applauſe,
Who, with felt pleaſure, ſee fair Virtue riſe,
And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize!
Or mark her labouring in the modeſt breaſt,
And honour her the more, the more depreſt.
Thee, Savage, theſe (the juſtly great) admire,
Thee, quick'ning Judgment's phlegm with Fancy's fire!
Thee, ſlow to cenſure, earneſt to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

An EPISTLE to a FRIEND in TOWN*.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay buſy town,
Forgot ſuch a man as John Dyer?
Or heedleſs deſpiſe they, or pity the clown,
Whoſe boſom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the ſhades—
(Contented?—why every thing charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green ſteep, ye caſcades,
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage ariſes, or miſery needs
The ſwift, the intrepid avenger;
Till ſacred religion or liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

* Among the Poems of Mr. Savage, there is one to Mr. Dyer, in anſwer to his from the country.

Alas!

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain
We heap up in ſin and in ſorrow!
Immenſe is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have
Smooth-ſhaded, and quiet, and even;
While gently the body deſcends to the grave,
And the ſpirit ariſes to heaven.

TO MR. DYER. BY CLIO*.

I'VE done thy merit and my friendſhip wrong,
In holding back my gratitude ſo long;
The ſoul is ſure to equal tranſport rais'd,
That juſtly praiſes, or is juſtly prais'd:
The generous only can this pleaſure know
Who taſte the god-like virtue—to beſtow!
I ev'n grow rich, methinks, while I commend;
And feel the very praiſes which I ſend.
Nor jealouſy nor female envy find,
Though all the Muſes are to Dyer kind.
Sing on, nor let your modeſt fears retard,
Whoſe verſe and pencil join, to force reward:
Your claim demands the bays, in double wreath,
Your Poems lighten, and your pictures breathe.
I wiſh to praiſe you, but your beauties wrong;
No theme looks green, in Clio's artleſs ſong:

* Among the Poems of Mr. Savage, is an Epiſtle, occaſioned by Mr. Dyer's Picture of this Lady.

But

But yours will an eternal verdure wear,
For Dyer's fruitful ſoul will flouriſh there.
My humbler lot was in low diſtance laid;
I was, oh, hated thought! a woman made;
For houſhold cares, and empty trifles meant,
The Name does immortality prevent.
Yet let me ſtretch, beyond my ſex, my mind,
And, riſing, leave the fluttering train behind;
Nor art, nor learning, wiſh'd aſſiſtance lends,
But nature, love, and muſic, are my friends.

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BR. MUS.